

Highlights

THE MONTHLY BOOK

May
1960

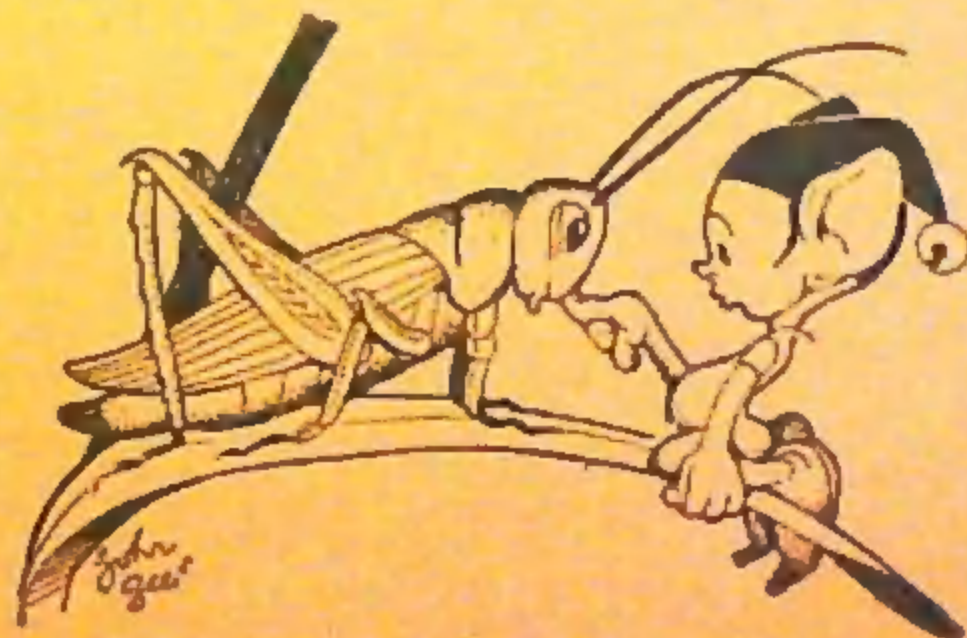
for Children

fun

Breaking the sound barrier - 16
Marie Curie - 18
Things you've wondered about - 25
Mosquitoes - 27
Bergoglio - 35

with a purpose

Hello!



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Highlights for Children

May
1960

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

Awarded
The 1960 Brotherhood
certificate of recognition
by
The National Conference
of Christians and Jews

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Skyscrapers

By Rachel Field

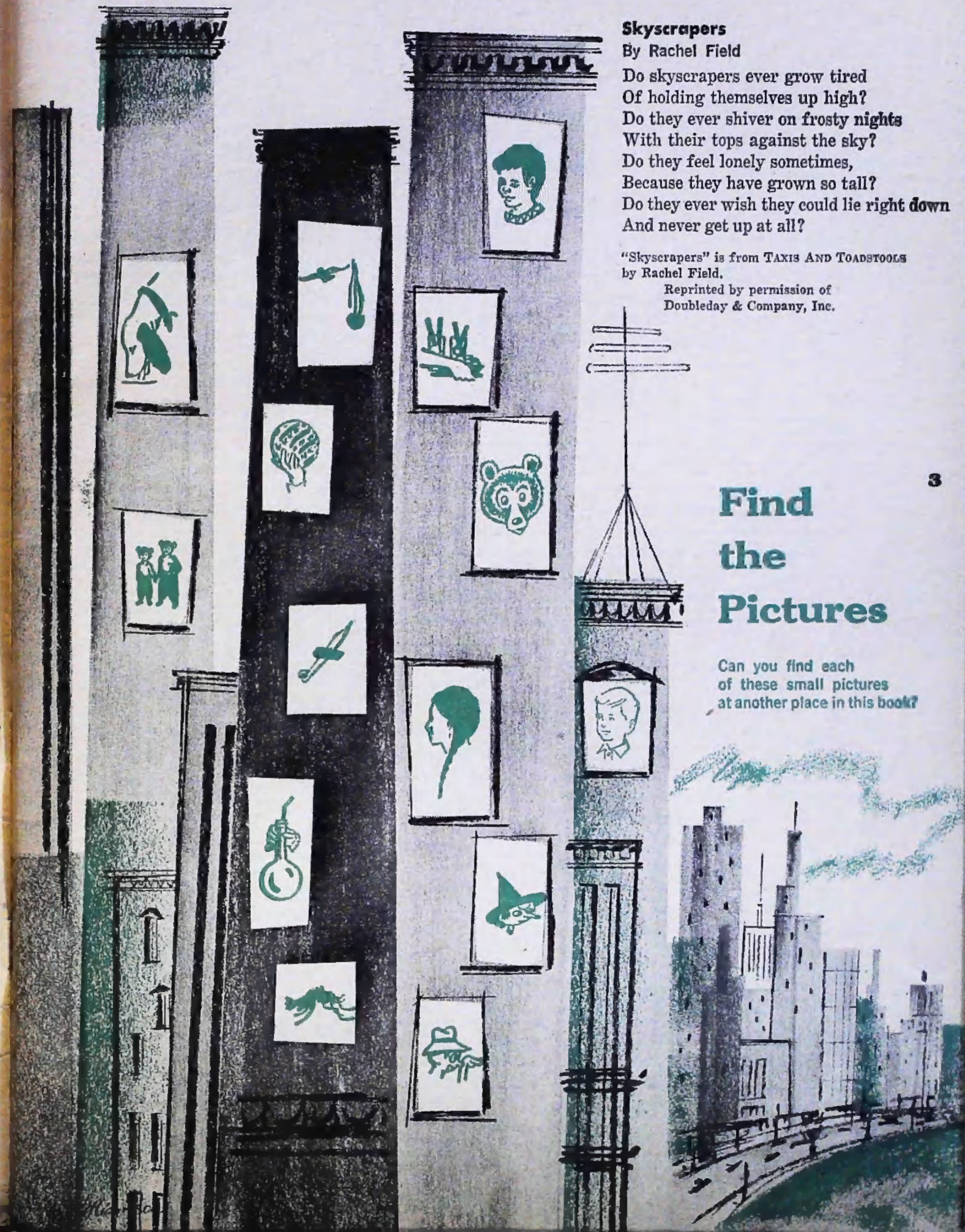
Do skyscrapers ever grow tired
Of holding themselves up high?
Do they ever shiver on frosty nights
With their tops against the sky?
Do they feel lonely sometimes,
Because they have grown so tall?
Do they ever wish they could lie right down
And never get up at all?

"Skyscrapers" is from TAXIS AND TOADSTOOLS
by Rachel Field.

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Find the Pictures

Can you find each
of these small pictures
at another place in this book?



This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

What Is Emphasized

Page	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓									✓	
5 Editorial			✓	✓							
6 Old Bob			✓								
9 Bobby—a Reporter			✓								
11 The Bear Family	✓	✓				✓					
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
13 Sammy Spivens			✓			✓					
14 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
15 Bible Story			✓			✓					
16 The Sound Barrier			✓						✓		
17 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓		✓							
18 Marie Curie			✓						✓		
20 Matching Pictures	✓									✓	
21 Funny Birthday Present		✓									
22 Lonesome Little Bear		✓									
24 Fun With Phonics	✓		✓							✓	
25 Things Wondered About			✓						✓	✓	
26 Health Quiz			✓		✓					✓	
27 Mosquitoes			✓						✓		
28 Try This!			✓						✓	✓	
29 The Gentle Night			✓								
31 The Saturday Hat	✓	✓									
32 Our Own Pages		✓	✓								✓
35 Giovanni Pergolesi			✓				✓				
36 Getting Ready To Read	✓	✓								✓	
37 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
38 A Good Feeling			✓			✓					
39 Stop and Think	✓		✓							✓	
40 For Mother's Day			✓								✓
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	
43 Around the World			✓						✓		✓

★ This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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Let's Talk Things Over

When you were only two or three, you may have expected your mother to answer your questions, or do something for you right away—no matter how busy she was, or what she was doing. You were too little then to know better.

But now that you are five or much older, you have probably learned to wait until you are sure she is ready to answer your questions or requests. But you and I know some children as old as eight or ten who act as they did at two or three. Grown-up persons must think them very rude and selfish and babylike.

Sometimes a mother has to help a child of five or six who still acts as if a mere baby, by scolding him when he interrupts her. We like to think you learned to wait, even before you were five or six. We like to imagine you felt pretty big at that age and tried to show other persons how much you had grown up, and how thoughtful of others you had become.

We once knew a child five years old who would often interrupt her mother on the telephone. If the mother didn't pay attention at once, this child would pound her or shriek at her. Then the person on the phone had to wait. You can imagine what she thought of this spoiled child. And just imagine how the mother felt to have that person on the phone know she had such an ugly, selfish child. Of course, if

this child had been badly hurt or was suffering, the mother would have waited on her at once.

Sometimes a child as old as you are has so much he wants to say at the dinner table that he interrupts when another person is speaking. And he may keep on talking so long that others at the table may not be able to talk unless they interrupt him.

You know how you feel if a brother or sister keeps on talking so much at nearly every mealtime. If you have something to say, you may have to wait so long that you forget what you wanted to say when your turn finally comes.

So, as you can see, it's a good idea not to let yourself talk too long at a time when others are present who want to say something, too.

At school you may find it hard to keep yourself from interrupting another child who is reciting or saying something to the whole class. This makes it hard for the other child to finish saying what he wishes to say.

If you are on your feet answering a question or explaining something, you can think best and feel best and talk best if nobody interrupts you. But if, as you pause for a word or idea, some other children raise or wave their hands or speak out, you feel much disturbed. You think you must hurry and finish speaking before an interrupting child takes your place.

You can see, then, that you can show how thoughtful you are of a classmate, and how grown-up you are, by waiting and keeping still while another person in the classroom is talking. Also, after you have had an opportunity to talk once or twice during a class period, the other children of your class should have an equal opportunity. Don't you think so?

Garry C. Myers

Jim pounds his mother, and shouts while she is telephoning.



Walt waits till his father has finished telephoning.





The Wild Horse of Tartary was a beautiful black satin-coated animal, who looked at you fiercely from the corner of his eye. He showed his teeth savagely, and struck out with his forefeet as well as with his hind ones. When he came rearing, plunging, biting, snapping, whirling, and kicking his way into the circus ring, everybody seemed to draw back in fear.

Only one person did this beautiful animal love, and that was Mr. Olaf. The big horse followed him about and did tricks for him, just like a dog. But for everybody else in the Big Circus, the horse had nothing but dislike.

It was Mr. Olaf's work to ride around the circus ring at top speed on the Wild Horse. What a thrilling sight! The big horse seemed to bite and tear at him in an effort to throw him off his back. And sometimes the animal stood up straight on his hind legs for a dreadful moment, in which he endangered his owner's life. Then with a wild neigh, the great beast would dash around and around the ring as fast as he could travel, with Mr. Olaf on his quivering back.

But Old Bob was an entirely different sort of horse. He was very large and gentle, with a

coat of satiny white except for a few little dappled spots here and there on his sides. Kindness shown from his large brown eyes, and he looked so mildly wise that one half expected to see him wearing a pair of spectacles.

Nobody knew whether Old Bob had any speed or not. But even if he had, it was useless to him. He was never allowed to run around the circus ring like the Wild Horse of Tartary. He was usually ridden by Mrs. Olaf, and therefore had to act more dignified.

But there were times when he was called upon to lie down in the ring and "play dead." He was a very impatient "dead" horse, often amusing the audience by lifting his head to look about, then playing dead again, which made everybody laugh. That is, everybody thought it was amusing except Old Bob himself.

Always being pushed into second place and compelled to listen to the applause and cheers for the Wild Horse, Old Bob lost all ambition professionally, and simply became a glutton. He lived to eat. To him, children were storehouses of cake, popcorn, apples, candy, and sugar. The moment he was loose, he went off in search of children. Then down

he would go on his knees, and wait to be patted and fed.

When the Big Circus was in action, Old Bob spent the greater part of his time standing near the tent entrance, his soft velvety nose sniffing at the pockets and handbags of the people who passed.

But one night came a terrible disaster. Just before the Big Circus was to begin, the Wild Horse of Tartary was taken sick. And Mr. Olaf had no horse to take his place.

"Why not use Old Bob?" asked the circus manager.

Mr. Olaf laughed in spite of his worry. Use Old Bob? The idea was ridiculous. Why, even the dappled spots on Old Bob's white coat would make people think of a clown rather than wildness!

But the time grew closer for the Wild Horse to take his place in the circus ring, and Mr. Olaf knew he would have to use Old Bob. When the order went out to "Bring forth the untamed steed," people began to draw back in their seats, for many remembered the biting, kicking entrance of the big black horse, and were frightened beforehand.

The music began to play, but that was all. Over in the entrance wing of the big tent, Old Bob stood perfectly still. "Come on, Bob," Mr. Olaf whispered hoarsely. "Come on!"

But Old Bob didn't budge until somebody tapped him with the tip of a whip. Then, with a switch of his tail, he ambled into the big ring and began sniffing at Mr. Olaf's pockets in search of food.

Poor Mr. Olaf! Never in his life had he been in such a fix. The people had come to the Big

Circus to see a wild horse. Now what would they think?

For an answer to that question, Mr. Olaf had not long to wait. It soon became plain that the people were enjoying the antics of Old Bob. They were roaring with laughter. And the louder they laughed, the more Old Bob pricked up his ears. He looked at the audience with such surprise that they rocked back and forth in their seats with mirth. The people were having fun, and Old Bob knew it. It was something he had waited for all his life.

"Run!" ordered Mr. Olaf, stretching himself out on the horse's back. "Pretend you're a wild horse, and run!"

But nothing could disturb Old Bob's gentle calm.

"Run!" Mr. Olaf shouted. "Move!"

Old Bob moved, but not in the way Mr. Olaf had expected. With one quick movement, the horse reached over the edge of the ring and snatched a bag of popcorn from a boy sitting in the front row. In an instant people were

again rocking with laughter.

"Run! Kick! Try to throw me off your back!" shouted Mr. Olaf, lifting his head from the horse's back. "Do something!"

And Old Bob did something. He turned slowly around, stretched out his neck and began eating the band leader's music. The people laughed louder than ever. Even Mr. Olaf found himself laughing along with the others. The wild horse act was hopelessly ruined, he knew. But Old Bob had made him remember something he had almost forgotten—the value of laughter.

Night after night he had risked his life, riding at terrible speed tied to the Wild Horse's back, and the people watching him in fearful silence. Never had the sound of laughter filled Mr. Olaf's ears and warmed his heart as it now did. Because of Old Bob's kind and gentle nature, and his love for everybody, the old horse had made people forget their troubles and be happy—something a hundred, even a thousand, wild horses could never do.



Illustrated by Bob Hodgell



OLD BOB

By Katherine Townsend Seeler

Mr. Olaf who worked with the Big Circus had two horses. One of them was named Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of Tartary, as most of the circus people called him. The other horse was known just as Old Bob.



My Hobbies

I have a lot of hobbies. But my favorite hobby is reading. I borrow books from my Public Library. My other hobbies are model-planemaking, rock-collecting, making things out of scrap objects, whittling, and drawing. Don't you think those are a lot of hobbies?

David James, Age 9
7140 Indiana Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Swap-out

I went to the show one night. I saw "Tom Thumb." I saw my friend Sue. I wanted to buy her some candy. I bought her a nutty bar with my dime. She bought me one with her dime.

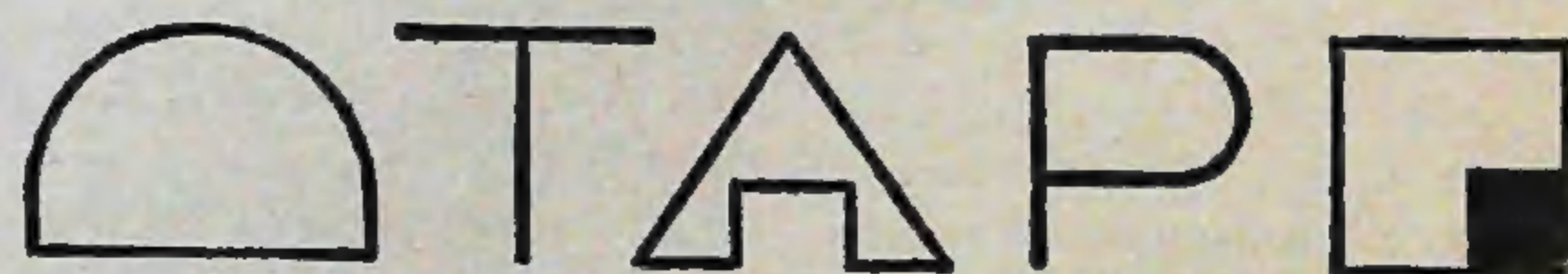
Mary Heaton, Age 5
Box 1321
Post, Texas

Buttercup, Our Bird

We had a bird named Buttercup. This morning I came downstairs. And I saw the bird. And I thought he was asleep. But my mother said he was dead. We all felt bad. My mother took a paper towel, and buried Buttercup under the bird bath. My father said we will get a new one someday.

Michael Gaston, Age 7
262 Hober Pl.
Bergenfield, N. J.

Take a piece of paper and draw these shapes the way you THINK they would look if the page were turned upside down (but do it without turning the page). When you have finished, turn the page and see how well you did.



★ Children like to read what other children write, and then try to write as well.



The Velvet Peach

Once there was a little girl who lived in a little cottage. Every day she took her basket and went to the field to pick peaches. One day when she went to the field, she came to a tree and was amazed to see a black peach. She was going to throw it away but then a witch appeared in front of her. The witch said in a scolding voice, "Don't throw that peach away. That's a velvet peach." The little girl said, "A velvet peach!" And she picked it to put it in her basket. The witch snatched it away and hurried off. Then the little girl went home.

The next day on the way to the orchard, she came upon a little house made of cheese and crackers. She went in and saw the peach on the table. Just as she saw the peach, the witch came out in a bathrobe. The witch said, "What are you doing here?" The little girl said, "Oh, just looking." But the witch said, "Oh, no, you're not. You're trying to steal my velvet peach." The witch started to run after her. But the little girl was skinny and ran through two trees. And when the witch tried to follow, she was too fat and bumped into them and disappeared. So the little girl ran back to the witch's cottage. But when she got there, all she saw was the velvet peach. So she took it and brought it home and lived happily ever after.

Renee Calhoun, Age 8
R.F.D. 2
Manchester, Conn.

How Bobby Became a Reporter

By Edward Newman
Illustrated by Bob Hodgell

When Bobby was very young and watched the bright-red fire engines clanging through the street, he wanted to be a fireman. As he grew older and went to school, he changed his mind. Now Bobby wanted more than anything else in the world to be a newspaper reporter.

One afternoon when Bobby returned from play, there was a surprise visitor at his house. The visitor was a jolly, red-faced man with snow-white hair.

"Bobby, this is Mr. Warren," said Bobby's father. "Mr. Warren is editor of the village newspaper."

Bobby shook hands. He jumped with joy when he found out that Mr. Warren was going to stay for dinner.

"Now I can find out how I can become a reporter," Bobby told his father.

That evening when dinner was finished, Bobby asked Mr. Warren. The editor thought for a moment and then smiled. "How would you like to be a reporter this Saturday?" Mr. Warren asked.

Bobby was too surprised to speak. He just nodded his head.

"The circus is coming to town on Saturday," Mr. Warren said. He reached into his pocket and took something out of his wallet. "Here is a ticket to the circus," he continued. "Write a story about the circus. Bring it to me Monday morning on the way to school. I'll put it in the newspaper."

Saturday morning Bobby was up bright and early. The sky

was dark, and the wind shook the windowpanes, and the rain pounded on the roof. All morning it poured and poured. When it was time to go to the circus, it was still raining.

"I'm sorry to spoil your fun," Bobby's mother told him, "but it's a long walk to the circus tent. It's raining too hard to go out. The roads might be flooded."

Bobby was sad because he was going to lose his chance to be a reporter.

Suddenly he had an idea. "I'll make up a story about the circus," Bobby said.

"Do you think that would be right?" his mother asked.

Bobby didn't listen. "Mr. Warren won't know the difference," he said. "He'll print my story in his newspaper."

Bobby ran up the stairs to his room as fast as he could. He took a pencil and paper out of his drawer and began to write. He wrote a make-believe story. He told how the lions roared and the elephants danced and the clowns played hopscotch in the sawdust ring.

Monday morning Bobby brought the story to the newspaper office in the center of town.

Mr. Warren looked different, sitting behind his big desk. He didn't look jolly. He looked stern. He took the story and began to read it.

Suddenly Bobby felt ashamed. He felt as if he wanted to cry. "It's not true, Mr. Warren," Bobby said.

"What do you mean?" the editor asked.

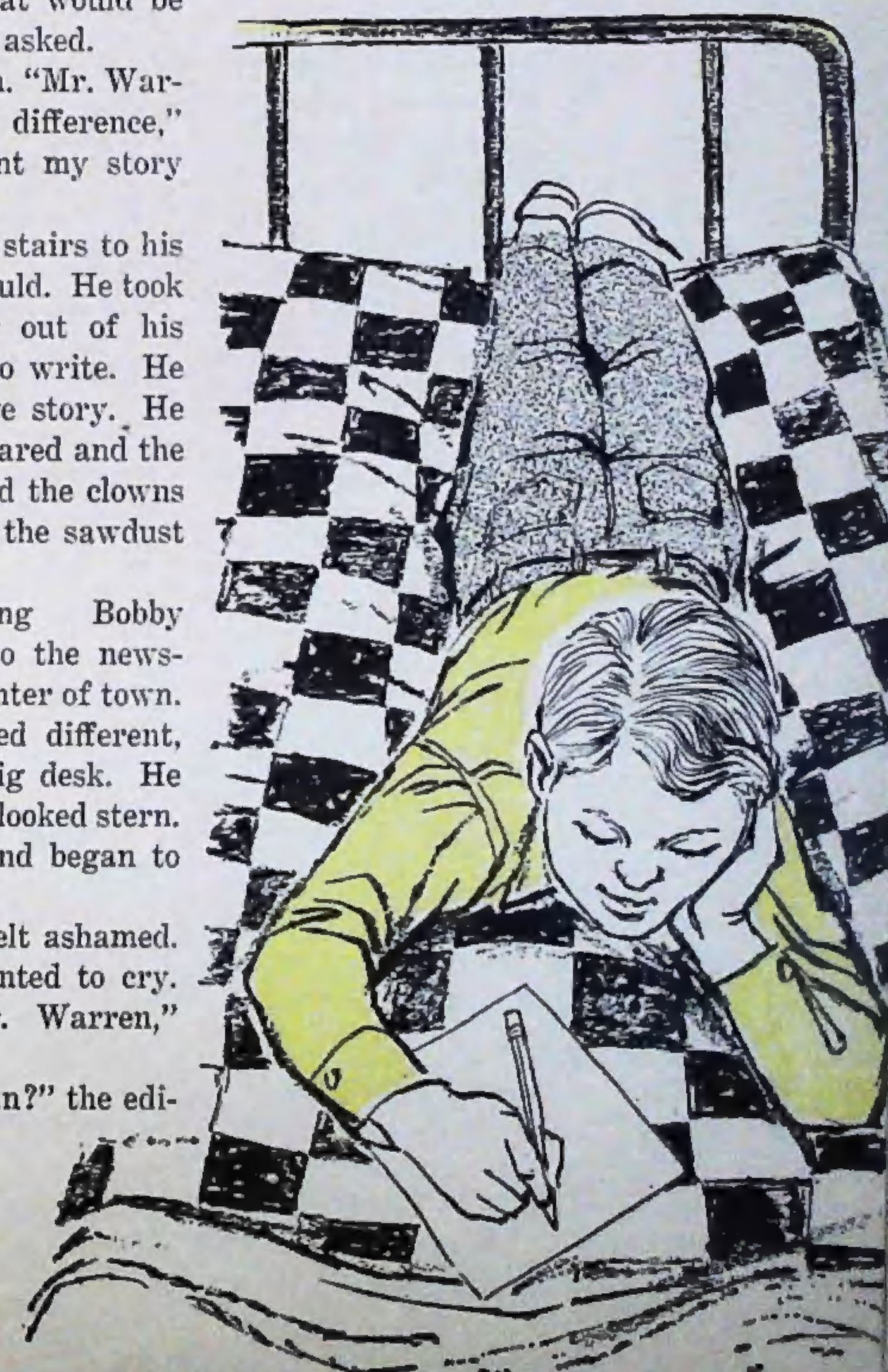
"The story's not true," Bobby said in a weak voice. "It's a make-believe story. I didn't go to the circus because of the rain."

Mr. Warren nodded. "I know it is a make-believe story," he said. "You see, Bobby, it was raining so hard that the roads were flooded. The circus couldn't get to town. It will be here next Saturday."

Bobby didn't know what to say. But he was glad that he had told the editor the story was make-believe.

"You have just learned your

9



★ Many children could write interesting stories based on interviews.



first lesson in being a newspaper reporter," Mr. Warren said.

"What's that?" Bobby asked.

"A reporter must always tell the truth," the editor said. "When people read a newspaper, they trust the reporter. If they catch him in a lie just once, they will never trust him again."

Bobby buttoned his coat and put on his hat. "I guess I can't be a reporter," he said.

"I wouldn't say that," Mr.

Warren replied. "You realized your mistake in time."

Then Mr. Warren looked jolly again. He tore up the make-believe story. "Why don't you write a story on how the roads were flooded and the circus couldn't come to town?" he said. "Next week you can write another story when the circus really comes. Then you'll have two stories in the newspaper."

And Bobby did just that.

Woozy and Poozy Learn To Ride

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson



Father: "First we put the blanket on like this."

Woozy: "What's that for?"

Father: "To keep the saddle from hurting his back."

Poozy: "Now the saddle next."



Father: "Hold the reins pretty tight."

Woozy: "Please lead him a little way, Pop."



Father: "Now it's Poozy's turn."

Poozy: "Isn't this fun!"



Woozy: "Good-bye!"

Mother: "They ride very well."

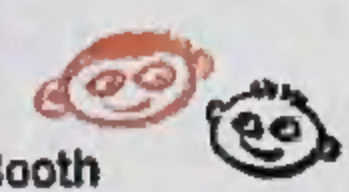
Father: "They certainly do."

Piddy: "When am I going to ride?"

★ There's a lot to learn in learning to ride.

How Lonesome I Would Be

By Clarice Foster Booth

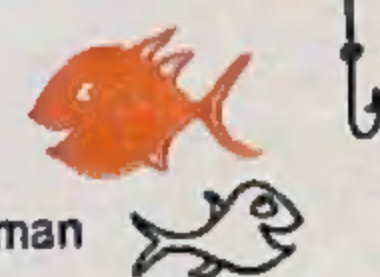


My little brother thinks I'm great;
He is two and I am eight.
He listens to the things I say
In a most respectful way.

He also laughs at stunts I do
As much as though they all were new.
You see how lonesome I would be
Without him tagging after me.

Fishing With Grandpa

By George L. Ehrman



When Grandpa goes a-fishing,
He wades out in the stream
And casts a dainty, dancing fly
Which is the fish's dream.

When Grandpa lets me go along,
He fishes just my way.
We sit together on the bank
And watch our bobbars play!

Squiggly Wiggly

By Jean Horton Berg



I guess most bugs are wiggly
Because their legs are squiggly.

It's hard enough to walk just so
On two legs, when I'd like to go
Skipping, hopping, playing tricks.

I don't know what I'd do with
SIX!

Kim shines his shoes before he
goes to church with his parents.



For Seashores

By Bertha Wilcox Smith



We thank you, God, for seashores,
For sandpipers that run
Along the silver beaches
In the golden sun.

Bedtime

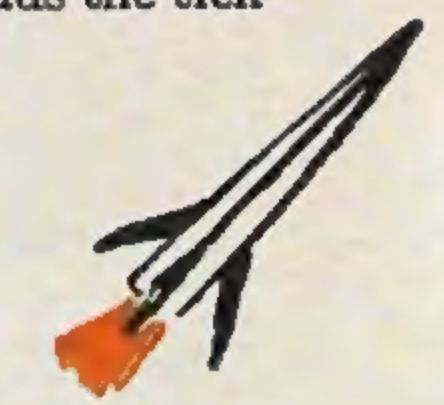
By G.C.M.



Last night just when I had my
house half built,
The old clock said,
"It's time to go to bed."
The clock is always right
at our house.
Nothing else for me to do
When my mother reads the tick-
tock, too.

Freddie's Flight

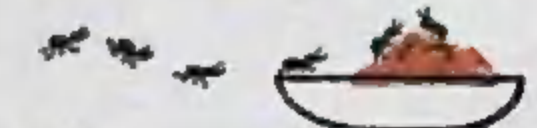
By Dora Aydelotte



Last night I rode a rocket
That whooshed up in the sky.
I traveled like a spaceman
Among the stars on high.
My rocket started falling,
And blew up with a roar.
Down, down I plunged and
landed—
Safe on the bedroom floor!

Bug Party

By Frances G. Risser



I gave a little party
Beneath the maple tree,
And I had just invited
My dolls and Tom and me.

But all the bugs were happy,
They thought it was a treat,
For ants got in the jelly,
And bit poor Tommy's feet.

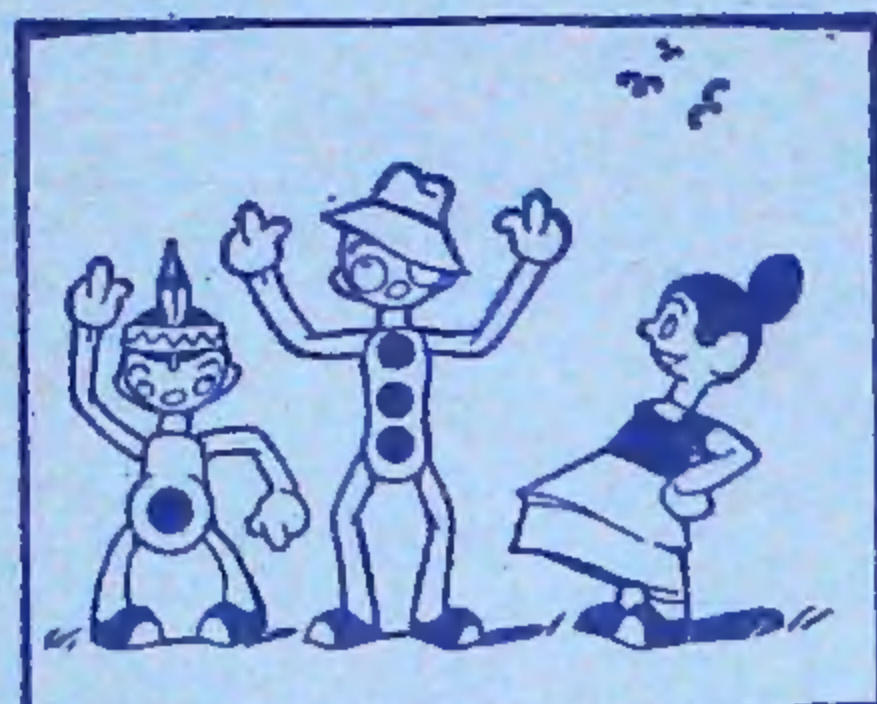
A cricket hopped upon the cake,
And one big spider made
A rope, and let himself right
down
To taste my lemonade.

★ Poems which stir up imagery and feeling.

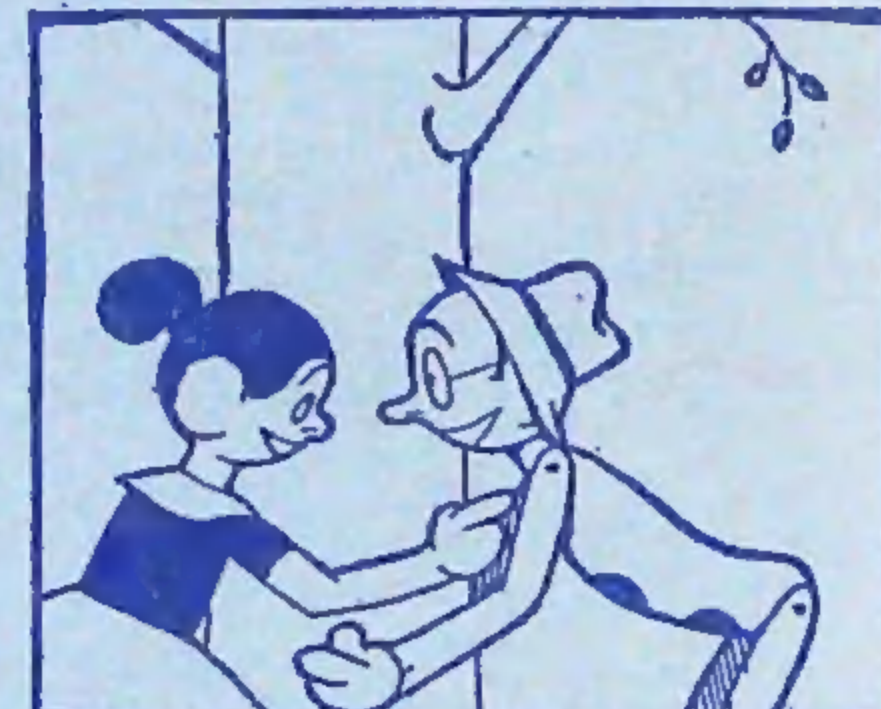
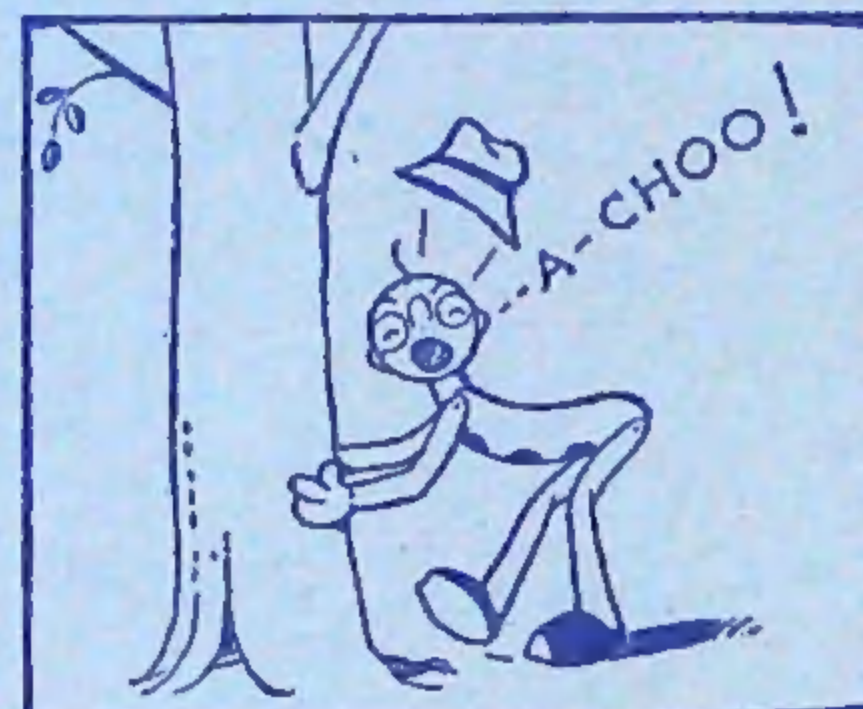
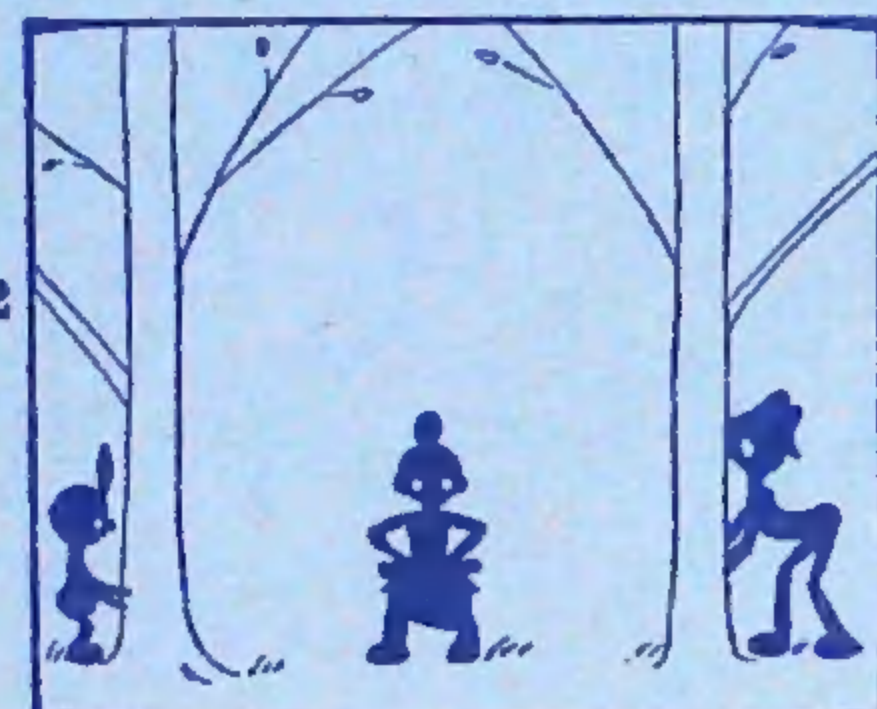


THE TIMBERTOES

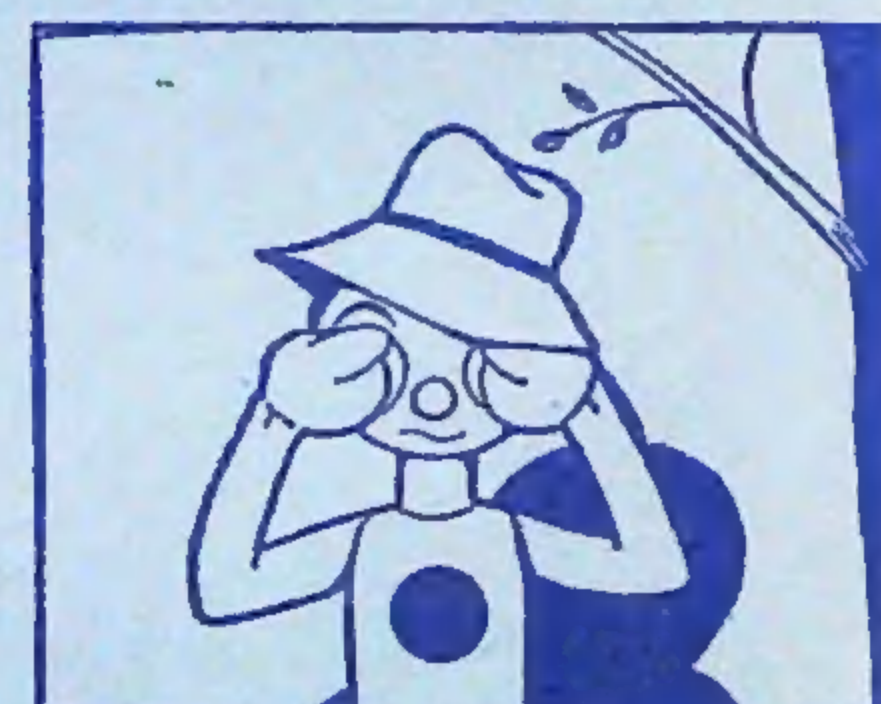
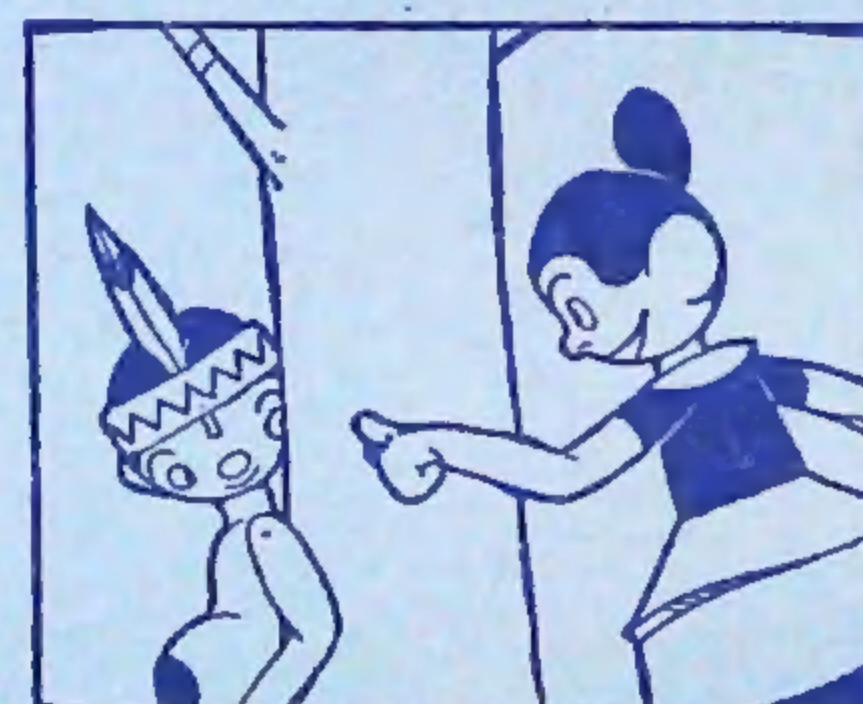
by John Gee



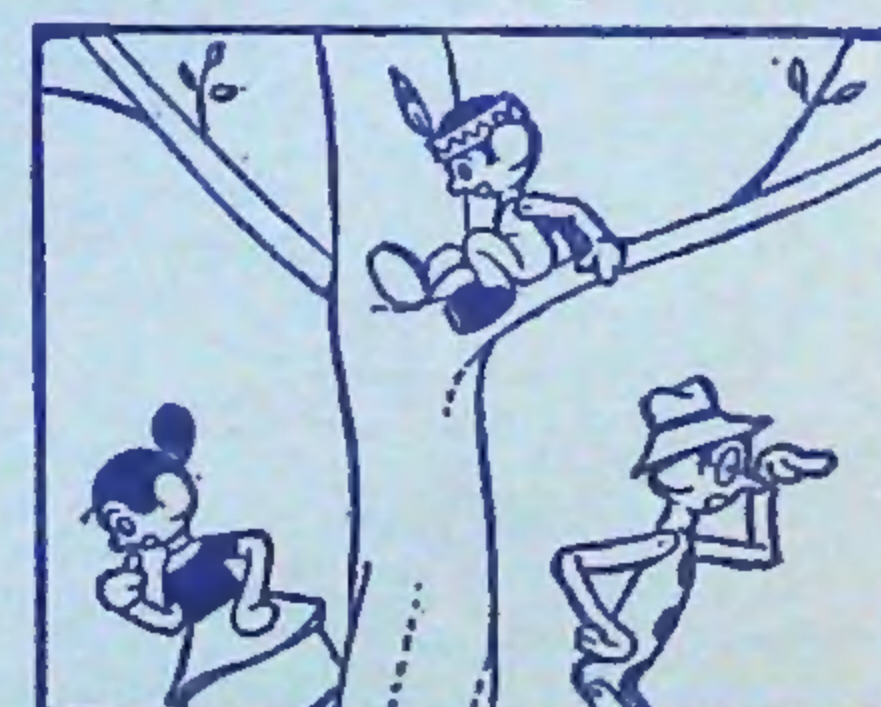
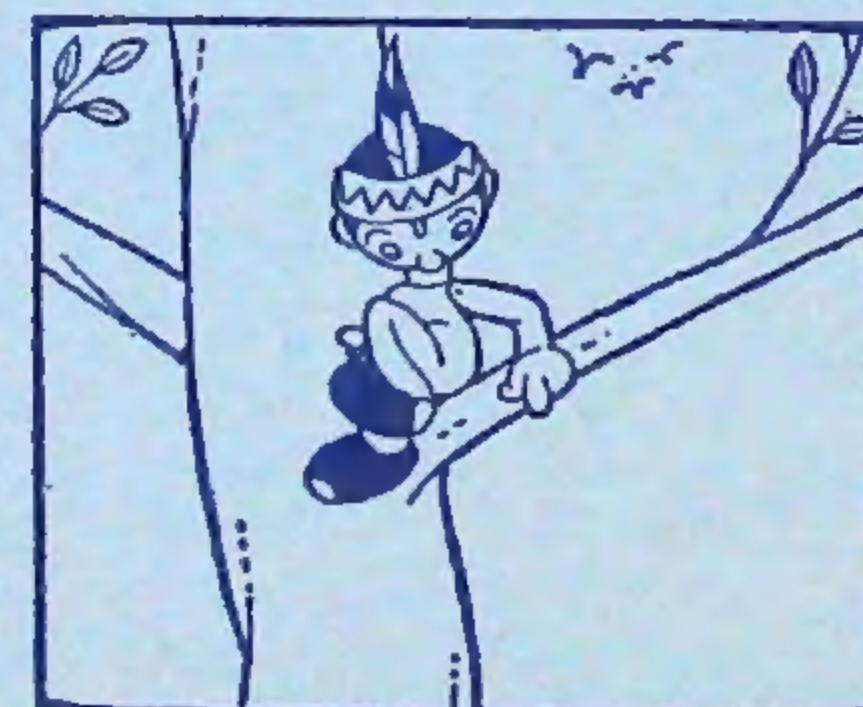
It was a lovely day to play. "Let's play hide-and-go-seek." Mother covered her eyes and counted.



Then she looked, and saw nobody! But Father Timbertoes felt a big sneeze coming on. Ma found him.



Tommy started giggling, so Ma found him at once. Then Pa covered his eyes, and Tommy and Ma hid.



Ma was so wide, Pa saw her right away. But Tommy hid so well—they are still looking for him!

★ As day follows dawn, so reading alone may follow from hearing Timbertoes, and matching the words heard and seen with the pictures.

Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Hello there:

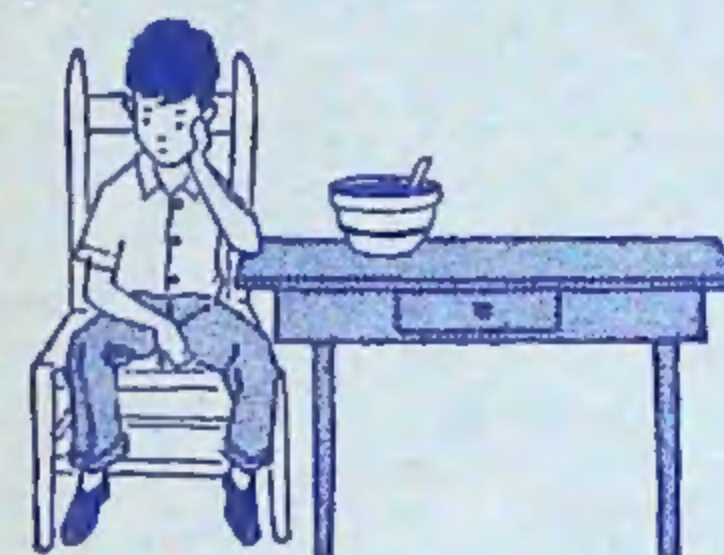
It's the strangest thing—whenever I make a chocolate cake, a fellow named Spivens shows up.

However, last week I noticed that Sammy was not wearing his usual lick-the-bowl expression.

"Speaking of chocolate," he said slowly, "I have something awful to tell you."

"Go ahead," I said, mixing the eggs.

"Well, you know Mother is worried because those scary dreams make me wake up yelling."



I nodded. "What's it all about, fella?" I said.

Sammy's eyes look troubled. "On Sunday," he said, "I picked up Dad's newspaper at the corner store. And on the way out, I took a dime bar of chocolate.

"I worry about it something awful. Then I dream terrible things about guys like me who go in for robbery, and what'll happen to them. I haven't told Mother because each time I try, the words won't say themselves."

Plop-ploppity went the spoon in the batter. "Was it plain chocolate," I said, "or did it have nuts?"

★ Sammy discovers how to get rid of ugly feelings after doing something he knew was wrong.

"Plain," said Sammy. "Why?" "Well, some folks like it plain and then again others like it with nuts."

"Did you ever do a thing like that?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied thoughtfully, "I did."

"What did you do?" he asked.

"When I was a child, zillions of years ago," I said, "I lived in England. We spent our summers in a little seaside village.

"I'll always remember Mrs. Hobbs, the sweet old lady who kept the country store. Sometimes she would let me wait on the children. One day a boy paid me three pennies for a bag of peppermint balls—and I hurriedly sneaked them into my pocket."

"Oh boy!" said Sammy. "What happened?"

"My parents soon found out," I answered, "and I heard my father saying to my mother in the next room, 'It seems as though she will be a thief when she grows up.' Well, of course I DIDN'T want to become a thief."

"And so?" asked Sammy.

"I felt terrible—just as you do now."

Sammy nodded. "It's awful scary, isn't it?" he said.

I agreed. "Well, I gathered up my courage, went to Mrs. Hobbs, returned the pennies, and told her how sorry I was, and that I would never do it again. She was very forgiving. Then gradually the terrible feeling went away."

Sammy stuck his finger in some leftover batter. "How old

were you?" he asked.

"About your age," I said.

"Really," he exclaimed indignantly, "I wouldn't THINK of doing a thing like that!"

"I know," I agreed. "I was very ashamed. I couldn't sleep, either."

I put the cake in the oven. "You're a pretty smart fella," I said. "I'm sure you'll make a good decision about what to do. By the way, I know Mrs. Perkins who keeps your store. Somehow she reminds me of Mrs. Hobbs. Impossible to think of her scaring anybody."

"Thanks, Aunt Dorothy," said Sammy. "See you later."

You've probably guessed. Yes, Sammy took a dime out of his allowance ALL BY HIMSELF, and went to tell Mrs. Perkins how sorry he was. She talked it over with him in a kindly way. I knew she would.

"She was just like Mrs. Hobbs," said Sammy, "and I knew that I'd never do that again."

"How about the terrible feeling?" I asked.

"It's almost gone," smiled Sammy.

"You and I had a couple of very serious weeds," I said. "No wonder we felt awful."

As he left, I suggested, "Always talk these things over with Mother and Dad. You see, they love you so much that they will always help you over the AWFUL times."

May your May days be gay days!

Aunt Dorothy

Columbus found his children stealing cheese. "Go to your rooms!" he is saying.





PIGGLY WIGGLY WASHDAY

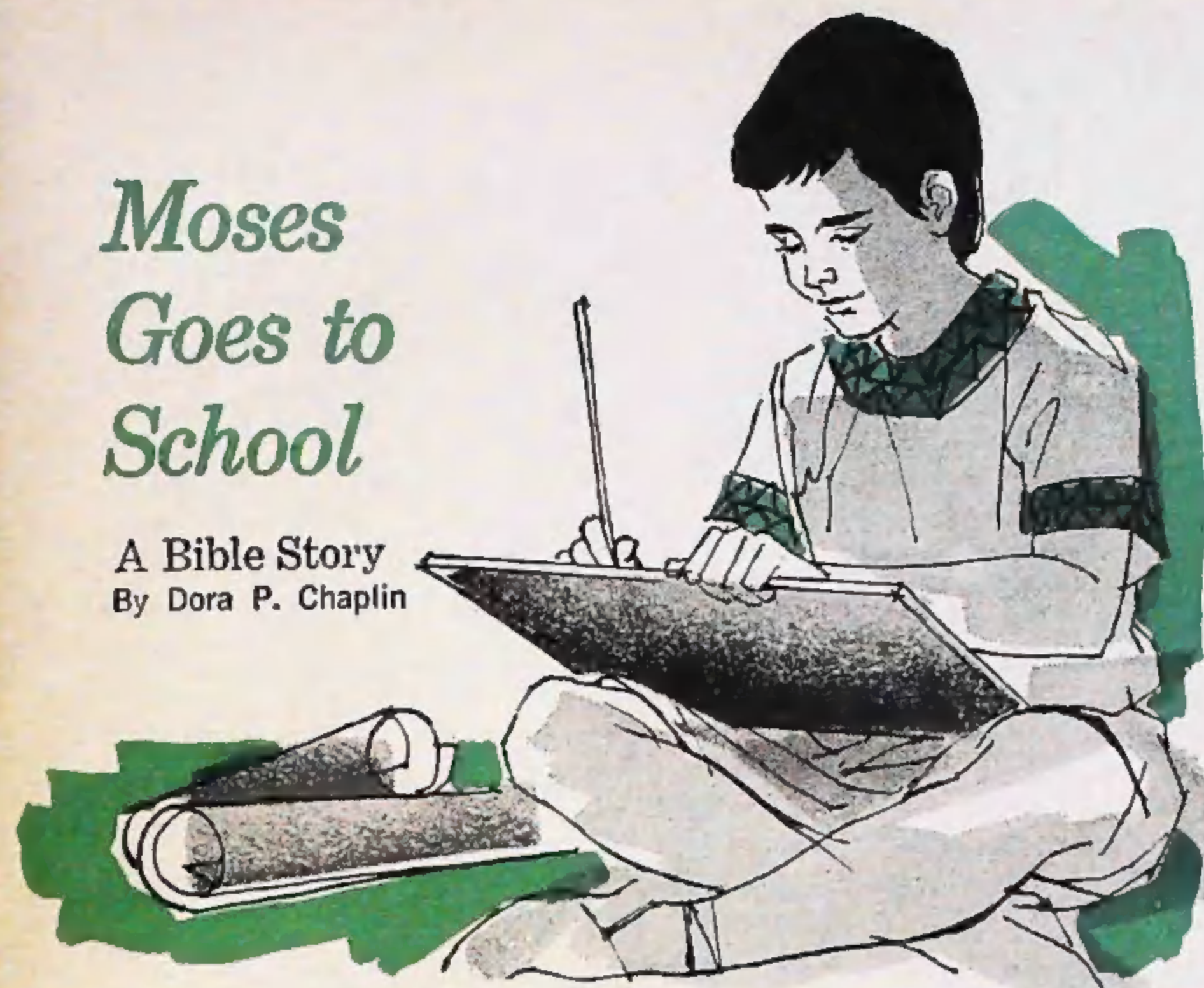
Hidden Pictures

★ A lot of intellectual fun with a purpose.

In this large picture find the squirrel, witch's head, cat, letter A, pig's head, bird, apple, musical note, dog, light bulb.

Moses Goes to School

A Bible Story
By Dora P. Chaplin



The boy Moses stayed with his mother until he was able to walk and play with the other little princes at the palace. The princess sent for him and his mother who, you will remember, was also his nurse. Moses was given beautiful clothes, just like the ones all Egyptian princes wore. He learned to speak Egyptian from his friends. But he also knew the Hebrew language because his mother told him stories in her own tongue.

When Moses was tired of playing with his Egyptian friends, his mother would entertain him with tales of the Hebrew people. He would hear how Abraham led them out of the country where the people worshiped strange gods, and brought them into a country where they could worship the one true God. She told him how famine had come to that land, and the Hebrew people had traveled down to Egypt, where they lived for many years under a kind king or pharaoh. As time went on, and a new pharaoh reigned, he had become afraid of

the Hebrews. He thought they would rob him of his land, so he made them his slaves and was unkind to them.

Soon Moses was big enough to go to school. Do you suppose his classroom was like yours? No! Try to imagine it. It had no chairs, tables, or desks. Moses and the other pupils sat on the floor, cross-legged. Each boy had a board on his knees, and on the board he rested a piece of papyrus made from reeds from the river. When they had finished writing on the papyrus, they rolled it into a scroll.

The ordinary people in Egypt did not learn to read and write. All Moses' classmates were princes who would one day be rulers, so they were taught many things, including stories of the rulers of long ago. There were lessons on the great pharaohs, but they never heard how the Hebrew slaves came into the country, and why they were made to build forts and palaces and roads.

Moses also had lessons in arithmetic and lessons on the stars.

He learned to wrestle and play games with the other princes. He was quite happy except when he would be taken on walks with his teacher. Then he would see the Hebrew people overworked in the scorching sun, hauling rocks and making bricks, watched over by taskmasters who treated them badly.

One day his mother called him to her and said, "Moses, you are getting older, and soon I shall go back to my home to be with the family. I want to tell you a secret." She explained the story of his coming to the palace and, he found, to his great surprise, that he was one of the Hebrew people.

"Stay here and be a son to the kind princess," she said. "Learn all you can. Grow strong and wise. One day the Lord God may give you great work to do."

Moses went on with his training to be a ruler. Now, when he looked at the struggling Hebrew people, he would say to himself, "These are my people. How long will they suffer?" His mother had told him that God had promised the Hebrews a great man who would rescue them and take them back to their own land. Moses would say to himself, "I wonder who that man will be?"

In our next story we shall hear how Moses found an answer to the question.

Thank You, God
By G.C.M.

Thank you, God, for my mother—
For the times she reads to me;
For the way she helps me see
How things are made and done,
And for all the jolly fun
We have with each other—
I and my mother.

Breaking the Sound Barrier

By Josephine L. Hunt

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

Have you been startled half out of your bathtub lately by what sounded like a dynamite blast in your back yard? Later you may have heard that it was a "sonic boom" caused by an airplane breaking the sound barrier far up in the sky. Well, don't feel badly. Many grownups are scared, too, and run outside to see what has happened. There is nothing to see. You can't even hear the plane that caused the boom, much less see it.

Breaking the sound barrier is quite a different thing from breaking a piece of wood or a glass. The sound barrier is something invisible and really it is not a barrier at all. It is the speed of sound.

Perhaps you know that sound travels much more slowly than light but still pretty fast. In air near the ground, sound travels at about 750 miles per hour. We have to say "about" 750 miles per hour because the speed of sound depends on how warm the air is and what the air pressure is. If you have listened to weather reports, you know that the air temperature and pressure are not always the same, even close to the ground.

As an airplane goes 'way up,

the air gets thinner and colder. At about 35,000 feet, the speed of sound is only about 650 miles per hour. That's still pretty fast, more than ten times as fast as you would want to travel in an automobile.

As airplanes were built to fly faster and faster, scientists began to wonder what would happen if a plane were to travel faster than sound. The plane would be running away from its own noise! The real problem was more serious and complicated since it would depend upon the

very nature of sound itself. Since we don't have time to consider just what a sound wave is, let's just say that it was a serious question, what would happen if an airplane tried to go faster than sound.

Since the speed of sound depends upon temperature and pressure, scientists invented an instrument which would compare the speed of an airplane to the speed of sound in the air around it. It is called a Machmeter (pronounced mock-meter). It has a dial like a speedometer. When the dial reads Mach $\frac{1}{2}$, it means that the plane is traveling at one half the speed of sound. If the dial reads Mach 1, then the plane is traveling at the same speed as sound.

Major "Chuck" Yeager of the United States Air Force was the first man to break the sound barrier by flying a plane faster than Mach 1. It was on October 14, 1947. He was flying a Bell X-1. It was an historic day. Chuck proved that a plane could fly through the sound barrier, that man could fly faster than sound.

The boom you heard while in the bathtub is called a "sonic boom." Somewhere 'way up, miles overhead, an airplane was going faster than sound. Just why this should cause all the noise on the ground is still something of a puzzle to scientists. The pilot in the plane does not hear the boom. But if he is less than 30,000 feet up, the sonic boom on the ground may be very loud.

So don't be afraid the next time you hear a sonic boom. After all, there are no speed limits in the clouds. This is just one of the little noises of our space age.



Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Marlon Hull Hammel



"I let my dog find his own drink of water," says Goofus.



"I often get my dog a cool drink of fresh water," says Gallant.



"This fish is too small."



"Maybe it will live and be a big fish."



"I'll put this worm in the road and watch the cars run over it."



"That poor worm may get crushed in the road. I'll put it on the bank."



Marie Curie the Radium Woman 1867-1934

By Mabelle E. Martin
Illustrated by Sidney A. Quinn

Marie Sklodovska Curie was born in Warsaw, Poland, November 7, 1867 (two years after Abraham Lincoln died). Her mother died while Marie was very small, leaving her and four older children for the father to care for.

Dr. Sklodovski taught physics in high school. Marie began to ask him questions about the apparatus he used. He carefully explained things to her, and this was the beginning of Marie's interest in physics.

At this time, Warsaw was ruled by Russia, and the Russian conquerors were trying to destroy Polish nationalism by for-

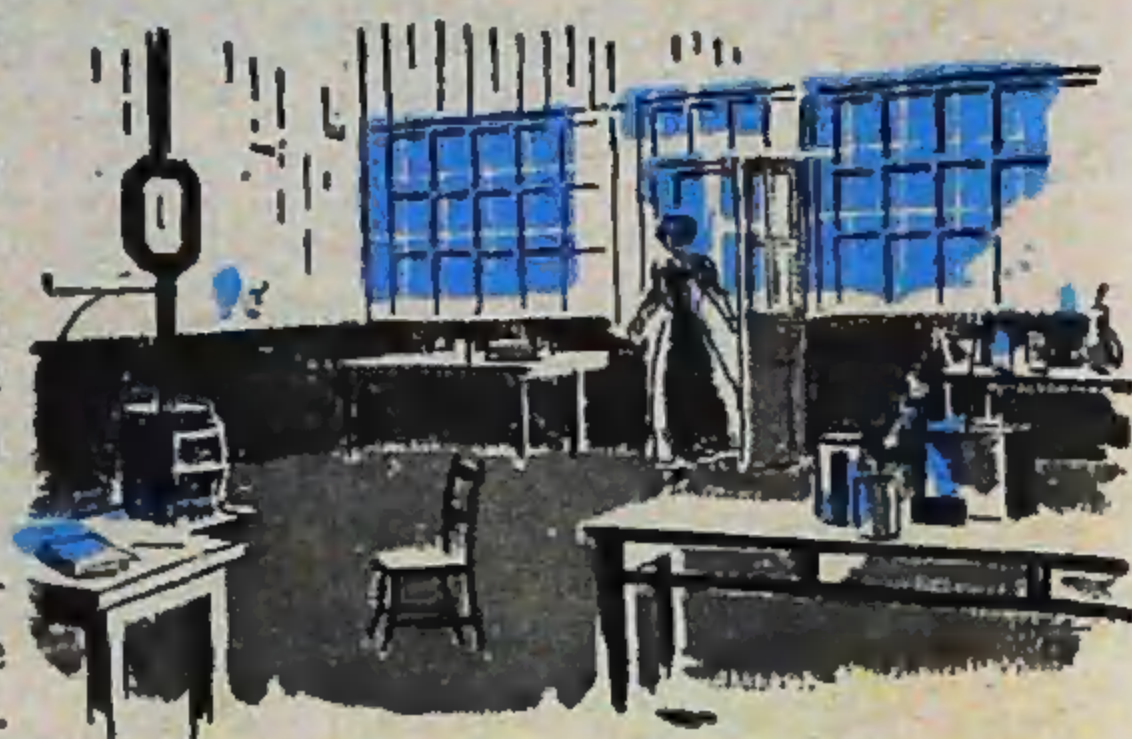
bidding the teaching of Polish language, literature, and history. They tried to make all children learn to speak and write Russian, and study Russian history and literature. But patriotic Polish teachers taught Polish on the sly.

When Marie's father was suspected of teaching in Polish, he was demoted and his salary lowered. He had to move to cheaper housing, and take boarding pupils to pay expenses.

The Sklodovski children were very unhappy, but they were all doing well in school and went on to high school, or gymnasium as they call it. Here they had only Russian teachers, or Poles who worked with the Russians. The children hated their teachers but never let it interfere with their learning.

Marie graduated with highest honors at the age of sixteen. She wanted to go to Paris to study science. Girls could not go to the university in Poland. Bronya, her oldest sister, wanted to study to be a doctor. There was no money for either, so Marie decided to become a tutor and governess, and finance Bronya. Then Bronya could help her. Marie's jobs were never easy. And in addition she was trying to study science by herself, with no teacher to guide her.

At the age of twenty-four, Marie was at last able to go to Paris. Bronya had graduated and married a doctor, and Marie would live with them while she attended the university. But she was so lacking in her knowledge of physics, chemistry, and mathematics that she could not understand the French lectures. She had to study as few students have ever studied.



Living with her sister far away from the university used up too much time, so she got a cheap garret room with a tiny skylight for a window. She had to carry her coal and water up six flights of stairs. Often she had no heat on the coldest days because she had no money to buy coal. The water would freeze in the basin. She would pile all the clothes she had on the bed, trying to keep warm. She used her money to buy fuel for the lamp so she could see to study. She never had enough to eat.

Although she loved to dance and visit with other students, she wanted most to study. She spent her days in the library and the laboratory. Her professors recognized her ability and encouraged her to do original research. When graduation time came, Marie Sklodovska was highest on the list. But she was not satisfied with just a degree in physics. She continued and got a degree in mathematics the next year.

That same year, 1894, she met her future husband Pierre Curie. He was a professor of physics in another school, and their work brought them together. In a year they were married and living in a little apartment not much better than the garret room. Marie had to learn to cook, sew, and

keep house. Also she helped Pierre in his laboratory, and continued to study.

She was searching for a subject for a doctor's thesis when she became interested in the discovery of Henri Becquerel. He had found that a metal, uranium, gave off strange rays which could pass through black paper and even through aluminum foil. (Today we know that there are several different kinds of rays, and we say that the chemical elements which produce them are radioactive.) Pierre and Marie decided it would be a good thesis if she could find out the nature of these rays, and how they are produced.

Pierre asked his school for a laboratory where Marie could work. The school authorities didn't think women could be scientists, but grudgingly allowed her to use an old lumber shed. The roof leaked so much it was difficult to protect the apparatus. The wind blew the rain and snow through the cracks.

Marie first asked the question whether there were materials other than uranium which also were radioactive. She discovered that the element thorium also gave off the strange rays. And then came a bigger surprise. In those days uranium was obtained from a mine located in Austria. The raw ore, called pitchblende, had to be carefully purified to obtain even small quantities of uranium. Marie discovered that in the crude ore there was much more radioactivity than could be explained by its content of uranium and thorium. She reasoned that there must be in pitchblende some new and unknown chemical with very great radioactivity.

Pierre dropped his own re-

search and helped Marie. They shoveled and stoked, feeding pitchblende into the old stove, by the ton. Soon they found a new substance which Marie named polonium, after her native country Poland. But still this was not the substance for which she was searching.

Marie now began to suffer with lung trouble and everybody begged her to give up, but she

could not. She sometimes spent whole days stirring a molten mass of pitchblende with an iron rod nearly as large as herself. She and Pierre often went back to the laboratory at night after the housework was done and the baby asleep.

One night when they stepped into the laboratory there was something glowing in the dark. "Look, Pierre, look!" said Marie.



From the row of test tubes on the shelves came a bluish light. At last they had extracted a tiny amount of the unknown substance! It could be seen, weighed, examined, and bottled. Marie called it radium because it shone so brightly. When the discovery was announced, scientists all over the world were excited.

It was soon learned that radium would help fight cancer, and friends urged the Curies to patent the process and make themselves rich. Money could do so much for them. They had struggled so hard, and they needed a good laboratory so badly. They had to choose between riches and poverty. Pierre asked Marie to make the decision. Marie answered, "It is only accidental that our research has money value." She knew the world needed radium at the cheapest possible price. Without hesitating, she said, "No, our work belongs to the world."

"Curie" was now the great name in science. But neither of them liked being famous. It interfered with their work. They were awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1903, together with Henri Becquerel. Pierre was made a professor at the great university, the Sorbonne, in 1906. Now they surely would have a good laboratory at last. But just a few months later Pierre was run over and killed. Marie was heartbroken. But she remembered that they had agreed that if either died, the other must go on with the work.

But would the university offer her Pierre's job? No woman had ever been professor in the 650 years of the university's existence. Would they break that precedent? They had to, because one else could do the work. And they built her the finest laboratory known.

In 1911 she was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry, the

first person to receive a Nobel Prize two times.

When war broke out in 1914, Marie organized the mobile unit of the Red Cross, and taught people how to use the X-ray machines. After the war, the gram of radium she had made in the old shed was being used in a cancer hospital for the treatment of patients. And American women raised \$50,000 so she could buy a gram to continue her research.

At that time no one knew the danger of radium and radioactivity. Today we know that its rays are so strong that only a thick sheet of lead can stop them. They are dangerous to life. Marie handled radium as if it were common table salt. It burned her hands and arms, and finally made her very sick. She died July 4, 1934, a victim of her own discovery. But her name will be famous as long as the world lasts.

Matching Pictures

Look at each picture at the left. Find another picture like it at the right.



That's a Funny Birthday Present

By Edith Vestal

"Alone, Mother?" said Philip.
"All alone?"

"Yes, Philip," said Mother.
"Today you are a big boy.
You are five years old.
I'm going to let you buy
your own birthday present."

"Oh, Mother, Mother!"
And before you could wink an eye,
Philip was out of the house and
on his way.



"It's my birthday," he said
to the storeman.
"I can buy my own present.
Have you a ball just like Judy's?"

Yes, the storeman had a ball
just like Judy's.
And how it could bounce!
Philip hardly had to touch it to make
it go up and down, up and down.

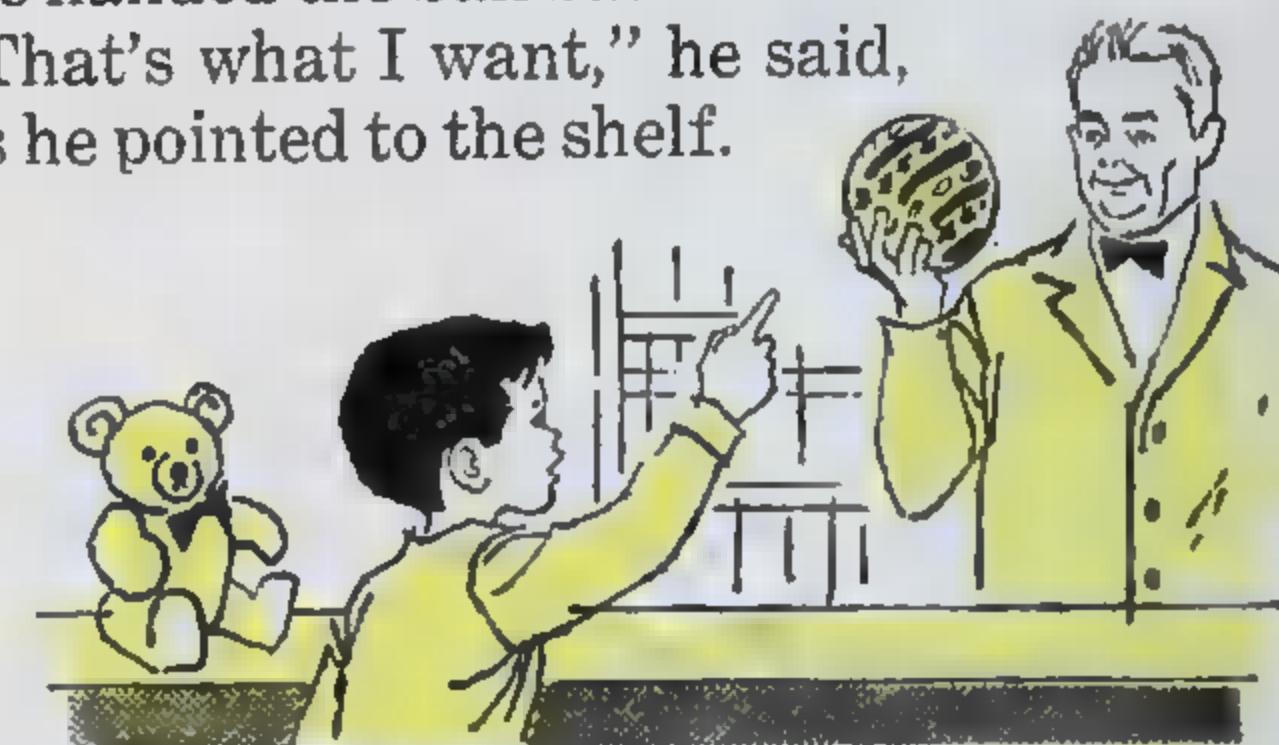


Suddenly Philip saw something
on the shelf.
He looked at his ball.
He looked again at the shelf.

"That's what I should get," he
thought.

"That's what I'm going to get."

He handed the ball back to the man.
"That's what I want," he said,
as he pointed to the shelf.

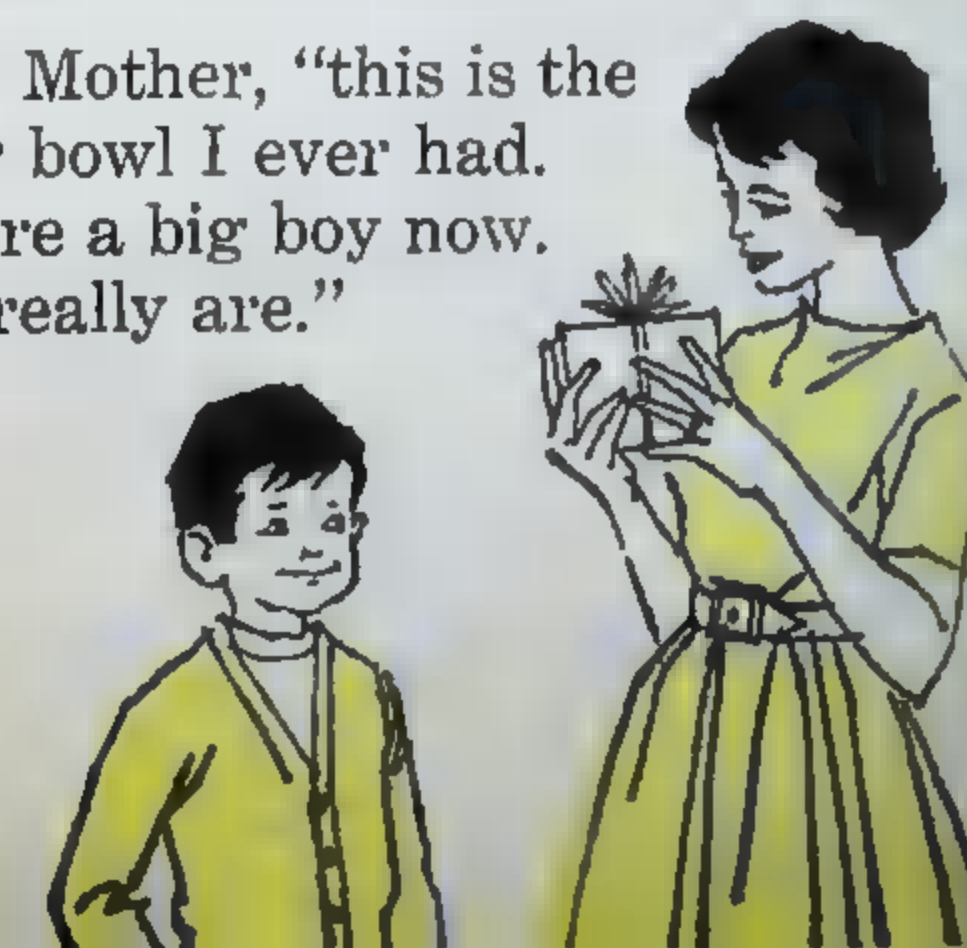


The storeman looked surprised.
"That's a funny birthday gift for
a boy," he said.
But Philip didn't say anything.
He just took the wrapped-up gift
and ran home.

Philip handed it to Mother.
Mother unwrapped it.
She certainly was surprised.
"Is this your birthday present?"
she asked.

"Yes," said Philip, "and I'm giving
it to you, because you let me go to
the store all by myself.
Besides, don't you remember I broke
your sugar bowl yesterday?
Anyway, sugar looks funny in a cup."

"Well," said Mother, "this is the
nicest sugar bowl I ever had.
You really are a big boy now.
You really, really are."





By Dorothy Boys Kilian
Illustrated by Wilmer H. Wickham

Little Bear had lost his own family back in the woods, so some kind men were bringing him to the zoo in the city.

The truck in which he had been riding finally stopped in front of a big outdoor pen with caves in the back of it.

"Here's where we'll put him," a man's voice said, "right in here with the other bears."

Other bears! Little Bear could hardly believe his good luck. He had been very sad on the lonesome trip down from his old home.

He looked around eagerly as he was placed in the huge outdoor pen. Sure enough, down at the other end stood two grown-up bears—a middle-sized one and a great big one. He stared happily at them and they stared back at him.

Pretty soon the middle-sized bear said, "Isn't he sweet! Let's adopt him for our very own." Her voice was gentle just as he remembered his own mother's. Little Bear held his breath.

"No, I'm afraid it wouldn't do," the big bear growled. "Look at his coat—reddish-

brown—an odd color for bear fur, I must say." He glanced down smugly at his own black self.

Mrs. Bear came close to Little Bear. She looked him over carefully. Then she said, "But he smells like us, and he's the same shape as we are. What if his coat isn't the same shade? He's a bear, isn't he?"

"Oh, I suppose he is," Mr. Bear agreed. "But he just seems too different to belong to our family. Where did you come from?" he asked Little Bear fiercely.

"From Yellowstone Park," Little Bear answered in a tiny voice.

"See?" roared Mr. Bear triumphantly. "I knew he was different. Yellowstone Park, indeed! Dirty mud pools, boiling hot water geysers, and all such unpleasant things. Now, we're from Yosemite Park," he went on proudly. "Green, grassy meadows, cool mountain lakes, giant fir trees—there's a place for you!"

"Oh, we had grass and trees, too," Little Bear began.

"No, no," Mr. Bear interrupted firmly. "I'm sorry, but it just won't do. I don't want any foreigners in my family."

Little Bear bowed his head sadly and walked slowly over to the corner.

Mrs. Bear started to follow him but Mr. Bear said gruffly, "Come, Mrs. Bear, it's growing dark. Time for bed."

So Mrs. Bear, with one last kindly glance at Little Bear, shuffled over to the opposite end of the pen with her husband.

Little Bear plopped down on his side and stared out into the dark. Here he was in the same place with two other bears, just what he had

longed for, and yet it wasn't doing him a bit of good.

If there had been no bears around at all, he might have been able to keep a stiff upper lip. But the very thought that just a few feet away was a big, warm, furry bear who really wanted to cuddle him—well, Little Bear was very

young and very little. In spite of himself, his fuzzy brow began to wrinkle, his chin began to wobble, and tiny bear crying noises began to come out of his little pink mouth.

A minute later, in the middle of a sob, he caught his breath hard as he heard Mr. Bear call out sleepily, "What on earth is that strange noise?"

"It's Little Bear crying," Mrs. Bear told him sadly. "Don't you remember how our own cubs used to whimper sometimes?"

"Hm," said Mr. Bear. "Now that I think of it, that noise does sound exactly like the kind they made."

At this, Little Bear let out another loud sob just to keep the sound fresh in Mr. Bear's mind.

"Go over and smell him, Papa," Mrs. Bear urged. "I tell you, he really is one of us."

"Well, all right," Mr. Bear growled.

Little Bear heard him lumbering over closer. He was a little bit worried, but he held himself quiet and waited. Pretty soon he felt a big nose nuzzling him, a great big paw rolling him over on his back. Then a gruff voice very close to his ears said, "He

does seem to be like us. Well, Mrs. Bear, maybe you're right. Maybe the color of his fur doesn't make so much difference. But he does come from such a strange place."

"Like I was trying to tell you,"

Little Bear broke in eagerly, "we had green trees and meadows, too, and a garbage dump behind the hotel."

"Dump!" Mr. Bear echoed. "You know about them, too? Oh, those sticky honey jars, those cans with a little peach juice left in their bottoms!" He sighed blissfully.

Mrs. Bear waddled over now and gave Little Bear a loving cuff with her big paw. "Time for baby bears to go to sleep," she said. "Shall we all settle down right here, Papa?" Little Bear looked hopefully at Mr. Bear.

"How's that? What did you say?" Mr. Bear was still dreaming about that glorious dump. "Why, yes, I guess so," he answered at last. "See that you don't make any more funny noises, Little Bear," he growled softly. "In our family we try to be considerate of each other."

"Yes, sir!" Little Bear said happily, and was asleep almost before he had stretched out between his new parents.



Bear Facts

Black bears are not always black. A mother black bear will often have cubs with different colors of fur. In the same litter a mother black bear may have one black-colored cub and another brown, yellow, gray, or even white cub. These cubs are no more different from each other than children with blond hair are different from children with brown hair.

Fun With Phonics

These are
nonsense syllables.
Say them aloud,
reading across.

fb	ab	ub	eb
ad	id	od	ud
op	ip	ap	ep
em	um	om	im

Now say these aloud.

bom	bim	bam	bem
lab	lob	lub	leb
puz	poz	piz	pez
tid	tud	tad	tod
yeb	yub	yab	yib
dav	div	dev	dov

Words Beginning With
the Same Letter and Sound



When i Sounds Like i in ice

Say aloud the pictured words
at the right.

Then say aloud the words
below. Point to the letter
or letters in each word
which sound like i in ice.

nice	buy	pie	height
aisle	dial	guide	sky



vise



fire



slice

nine

Three of the words in each row below begin
with the same letter and sound.

Which one in each row doesn't belong?

cup	cap	car	dog
leave	card	lamb	lot
man	dwarf	dig	doll
boy	fun	bought	bear
vine	vase	wagon	visit

Find two small words in each of
these pictured words.



Now say aloud the words below.
Find two words in each.

bookcase	schoolhouse
fireplace	pancake
courthouse	pipestem
dewdrop	suitcase

Things You've Wondered About

Question: I have heard people say
that you cannot build a pump that
will lift water from a well more
than 32 feet deep. Why is this?

It turns out, as you will see,
that this is really a question about
the nature of the air around us.
You and I live on the surface of
the earth but it is also true that
we live at the bottom of an ocean
of air.

Perhaps you will remember
from our talk last month that a
quart of air weighs about 4/100
of an ounce. It may seem that
this is so little as to be hardly
worth talking about. But there
is a lot of air in the atmosphere
around and above us, and it ex-
tends several hundreds of miles
up. That's a lot of quarts of air—
billions and billions of quarts—
so that its total weight is pretty
great.

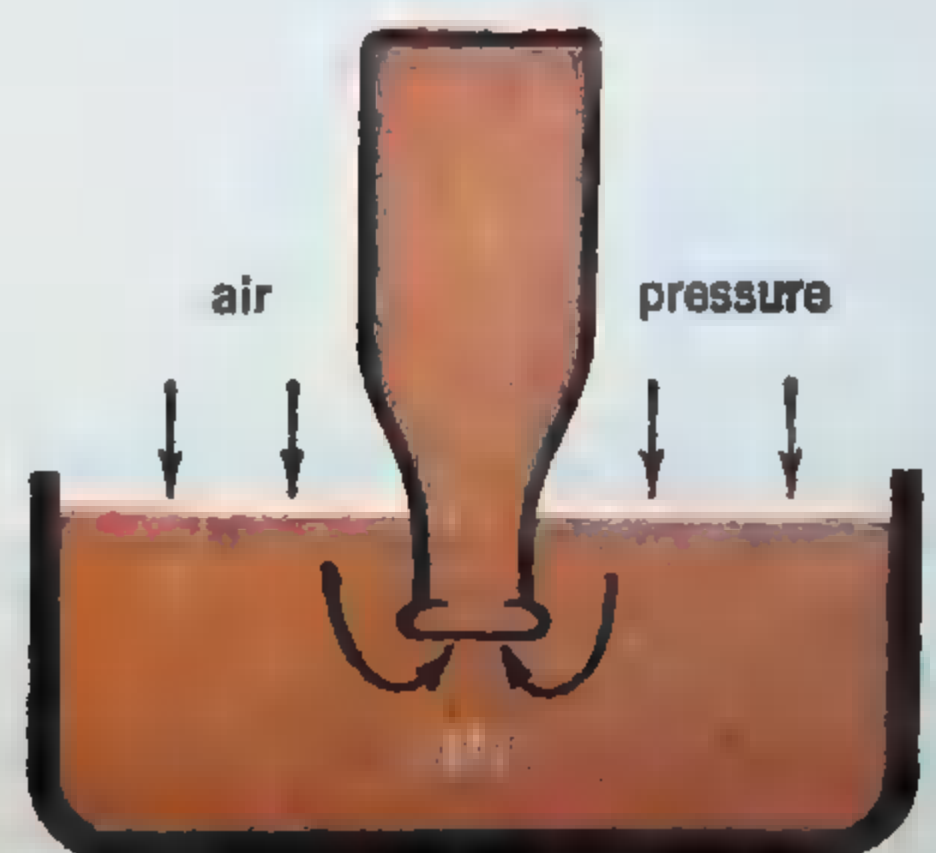
Actually, no one ever talks
about the total weight of air.
Instead, we talk about **pressure**;
for example, the **force** or weight
on each square inch. An easy
way to see an area of 1 square
inch is to draw a square with a
ruler so that it is 1 inch on each
side. When we say that the nor-
mal air pressure is about 15
pounds per square inch, what we
mean is that all the air in the at-
mosphere above a 1-inch square
on the earth's surface weighs 15
pounds. If you had a long, square-
shaped plastic tube with 1-inch
sides, standing on end and ex-
tending several hundred miles
straight up, then all of the air in
the tube would weigh about 15
pounds.

Last month we learned that air
is a fluid like water. It can move
and flow. So the air pressure does
not just squash us down from
the top. It also pushes against us
on all sides and up from the bot-

tom. That is why we don't feel
that we are carrying a load on
our shoulders.

There is an easy way to show
the effect of air pressure. For this
you need only an empty milk bot-
tle and a sink full of water. Put
the bottle on its side in the sink so
that it is entirely filled with water
(no air bubbles inside). Now turn
the bottle upside down, carefully
keeping its mouth below the
water surface. What makes the
water stay up in the bottle? It is
the air pressure pushing down on
the water in the sink so that it
holds the water up in the bottle.
Tip the bottle a little so that part
of the mouth is above the water
surface. Now a little air is pushed
in directly. It rises to the top and
pushes some water out.

Air pressure works for you
every time you drink water—or
milk or soda—through a straw.
You say that you suck water up
through the straw. But what real-
ly happens is that you suck out
some air or water at the top of
the straw and the air pressure on
the water in the glass pushes it
up the straw. How long a straw
could you drink through? Well,
really, this depends upon how
good a pump you can make out
of your cheeks and mouth. But
suppose you could build a very
good pump. How high will it pull
water in a pipe?

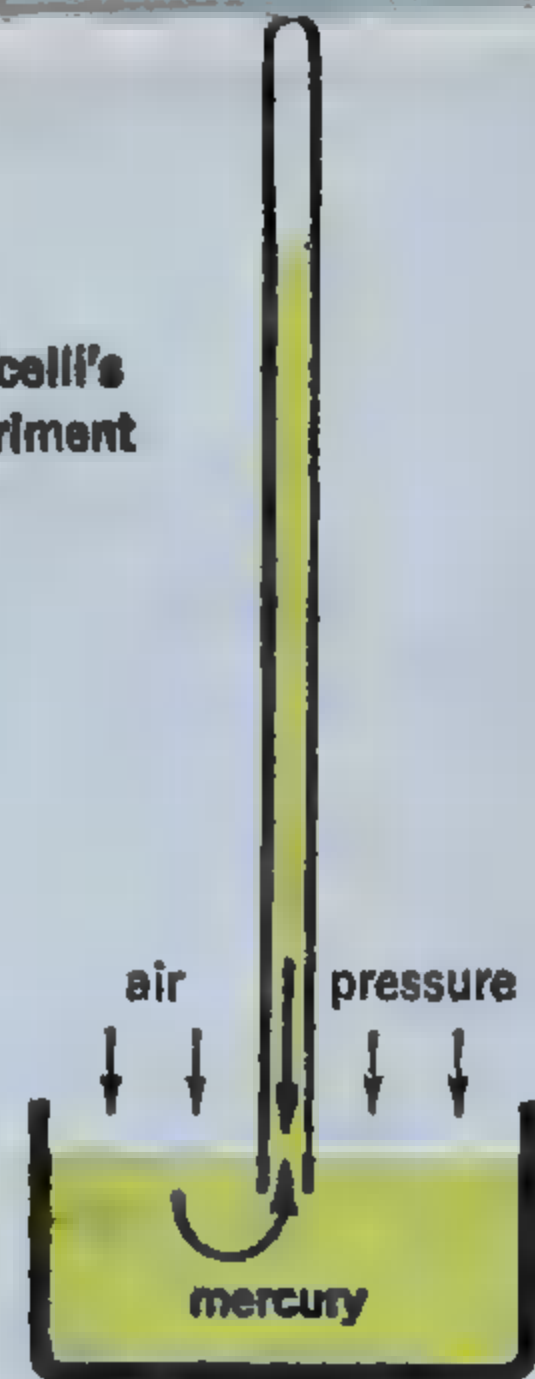


Milk-bottle Experiment



★ For helping a child satisfy and cultivate his curiosity,
if he were a budding scientist.

Torricelli's Experiment



Way back over 300 years ago, scientists were puzzled by our question. No one had been able to build a pump which would lift water out of a well more than about 32 feet deep. Why should this be? Many men argued about it. Some said it was just a magic number of nature. One man, Evangelista Torricelli (tow-ree-chel-ee), got an idea and figured out how to do a simple experiment, and found the answer. Torricelli knew that air had weight, and he got the idea that it was the pressure of air which pushed

water up a pipe below a pump. If this idea was right, then it meant that air pressure was just enough to push water 32 feet high.

Now, a 32-foot piece of pipe is pretty clumsy to handle, so Torricelli decided to use mercury instead of water. Mercury is a very heavy liquid which weighs about 13 times as much as an equal volume of water. So, if he was right, the air pressure should push mercury up about 1/13 as far as water—about 2½ feet or 30 inches.

Torricelli built a glass tube about 3 feet long and sealed at one end. He poured mercury into the tube and filled it all the way to the top. Then he put his finger over the open end of the tube and turned it upside down with the open end in a dish of mercury. When he removed his finger, the mercury level dropped from the sealed end but not all the way. And, what do you know, it stopped when the level reached a height just about 30 inches above the surface of the mercury in the dish. Torricelli showed that, even if the tube were longer or differently shaped, the answer was still

the same. And if the tube were less than 30 inches long, the mercury stayed right at the top, just as the water stayed at the top in your milk-bottle experiment.

Torricelli explained his experiment just as we do today. If the tube is longer than 30 inches, then in the upper closed end there is nothing at all—or a vacuum. So the mercury column is not pushed down by anything except its own weight. But the air pressure is pushing down on the surface of the dish of mercury. So inside the tube the pressure of mercury pushing down is just exactly equal to the air pressure pushing mercury up.

So you see, no matter how good a pump you build, and even if you remove absolutely all the air from the top of a tube, you can't suck mercury up higher than 30 inches. That's as far as air pressure will push it. And for just the same reason, no one can build a pump which will suck water higher than about 32 feet.

Now you know that 32 feet of water is not just a magic number. It is a way to measure the pressure of air around us.

Health Quiz

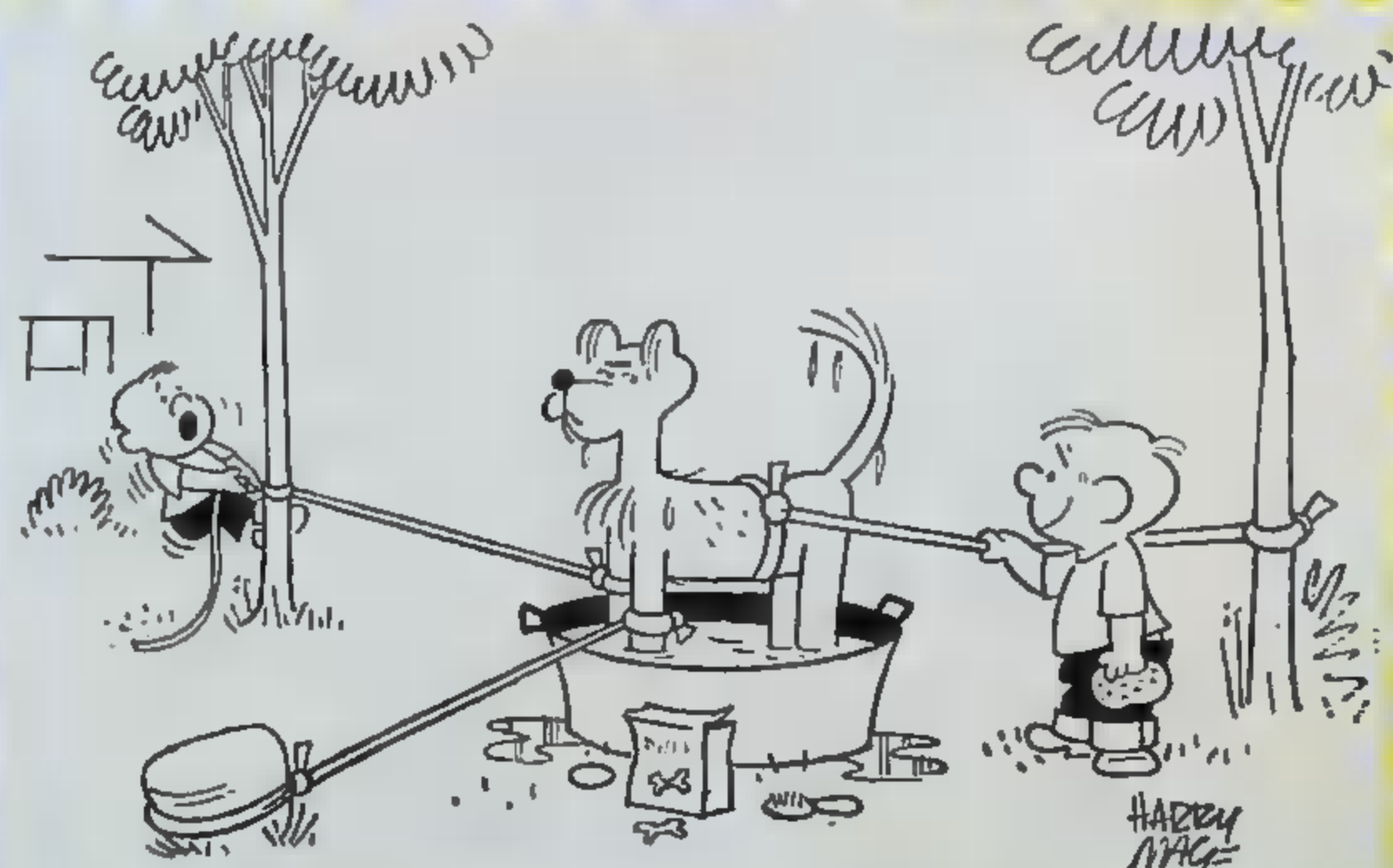
Why should we cover the face and turn the head aside when we feel we must cough or sneeze?

Why should each person in the family have his own towel, glass, and drinking cup?

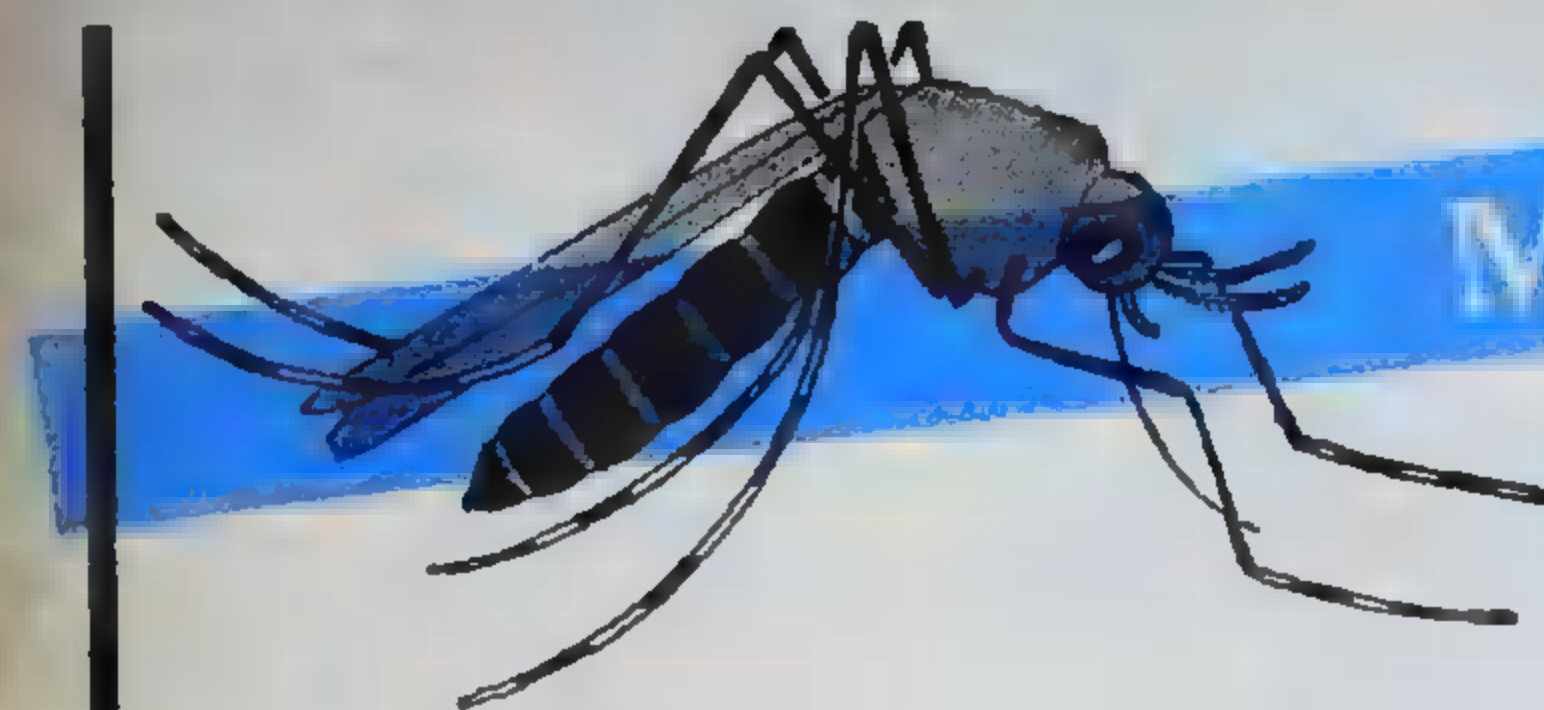
Why is it not good to drink a lot of water at the beginning of a meal?

Why is it not good to eat your meal very fast in order to hurry out to play?

★ How much more interesting and profitable to the child to reason out the "why" than to be merely told the "what."



"OK... start scrubbin'."



Mosquitoes

By Osmond P. Breland
Professor, Department of Zoology
University of Texas
Author of *Animal Facts and Fallacies*

Mosquitoes are among the most bothersome insects in the world. They pester, they bite, and some of them can make you sick. Two serious diseases, malaria and yellow fever, are carried by mosquitoes.

There are many things about mosquitoes that most people do not know. Mosquitoes sometimes hide in bushes and grass and under houses, but they do not lay their eggs there. Mosquito eggs must be in water before they will hatch. Some mosquitoes lay their eggs in water. Others lay them in dried-up ditches and ponds where the eggs hatch when it rains.

Mosquito eggs hatch into "wigglers," which look something like a small worm with a big head. Some of them are about as long as a fingernail. Wigglers often stay at the top of the water. But when they swim around through the water, they wiggle. This is the reason they are called wigglers.

You can often see wigglers in the water if you look closely. The next time you see a puddle, look for wigglers in it. If you do not see any at first, drop a small rock in the water. If wigglers are in the water they will start swimming around.

People who help to control mosquitoes try to kill the wigglers before they grow into mosquitoes, by using substances called insecticides. DDT or oil or some other insecticide, placed on the top of

the water, will destroy wigglers, because they must come to the top of the water now and then to get air. When they do this, they get the insecticide in their bodies, and die.

We can be glad that some mosquitoes are not as bad as are others. Those that carry diseases are the worst. Those that bite but do not carry diseases are also bad because their bites bother people and animals. Some mosquitoes do not bite at all. And the wigglers of some mosquitoes eat the wigglers of other mosquitoes that bite people. We might even say that for us these are nice mosquitoes.

Some wigglers grow into mosquitoes very fast. Many of these are mosquitoes that lay their eggs in dried-up ditches and ponds. When it rains, the eggs hatch into wigglers which may grow to be mosquitoes in six or seven days. This is the reason we sometimes see many mosquitoes soon after a hard rain.

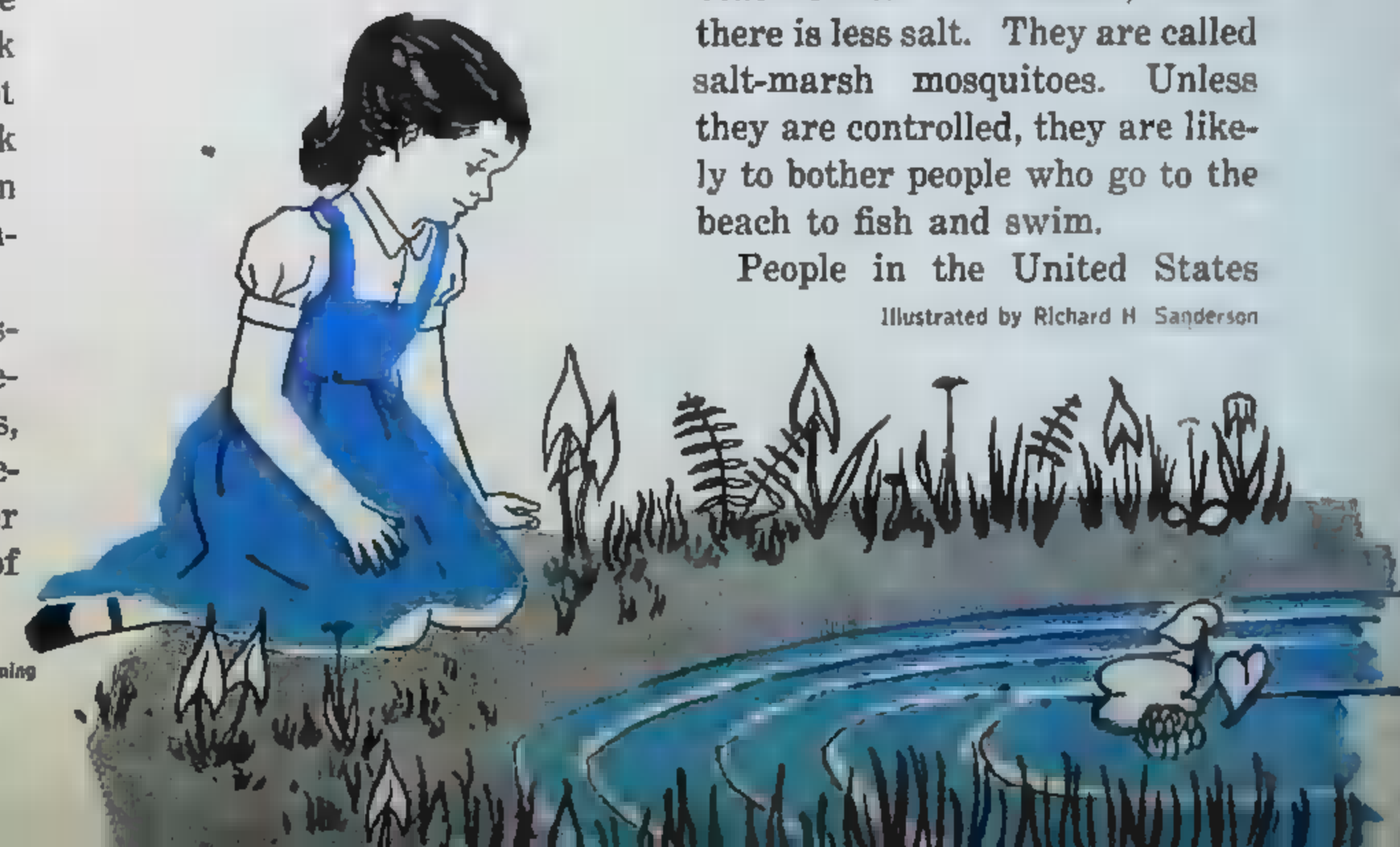
There are boy and girl mosquitoes. But for some reason that we do not understand, only girl mosquitoes bite.

Did you ever hear a mosquito sing? The singing noise is made when a mosquito is flying, and is caused by the wings which move very fast. It is sometimes said that a singing mosquito will not bite, but this is not always true. You will not be bitten by a boy mosquito that sings in your ear. But some girl mosquitoes that bite can sing loudly.

Mosquito wigglers can live and grow in almost any kind of water. Some are found in mudholes and ponds, and along the edges of streams. Others can live in very small amounts of water such as in tin cans, automobile tires, and the holes in hollowed-out trees and stumps. A few are sometimes even found in the water in flower vases in houses. No mosquito can live in the oceans or gulfs. There is too much salt in the water. But many wigglers can live in the marshes along beaches near the oceans, where there is less salt. They are called salt-marsh mosquitoes. Unless they are controlled, they are likely to bother people who go to the beach to fish and swim.

People in the United States

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson



★ Facts about a familiar insect, so told that almost any listening or reading child can understand them.

still get sick from mosquito bites, but not nearly ■ many as did years ago. Many people have helped by draining marshes where mosquitoes were found, and by using insecticides. People who live in some countries are not as lucky as we are in the United States. They still have many diseases that are carried by mosquitoes.

We should be very careful that diseases carried by mosquitoes do not get to be common again.

Everyone can help in this work. We should see that there is no water standing around our houses that mosquitoes can live in. Water in vases in the house should be changed every few days. Puddles or waterholes should be drained. If this cannot be done, some small fish should be put in the water. They will eat the wigglers.

There is an old saying which is still true: "No water, no mosquitoes."



"I had it first."

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Try This!

You can make ■ simple musical instrument, play simple tunes, and learn something about the nature of sound.

All you need is a pail and a string for a guitar or violin. You can buy one at a music store for ten or fifteen cents. The steel wire string works best.

Fasten the wire securely across the top of the pail, stretching it tightly between the handle loops and tying it so that it cannot slip.

When you pluck the wire with a stick or nail, it will produce a musical note. Put the pail under your arm and squeeze the sides. As you press on the pail, you will stretch the wire still tighter, and it will produce a higher note. With a little practice you can play simple tunes by squeezing the pail as you pluck the wire.

How Does It Work?

The wire produces a musical note because it vibrates rapidly when it is plucked.

This sets up sound waves in

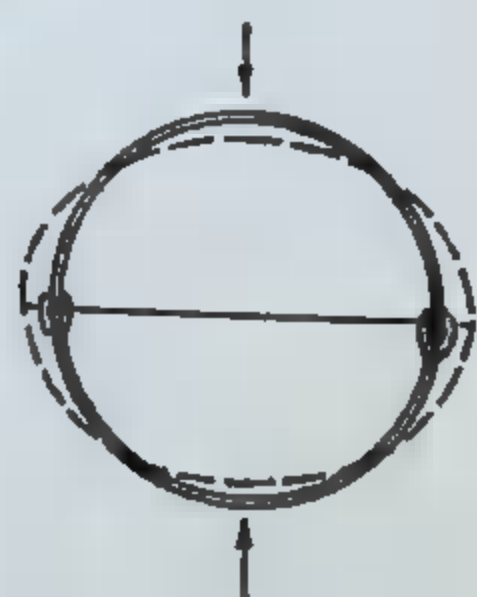
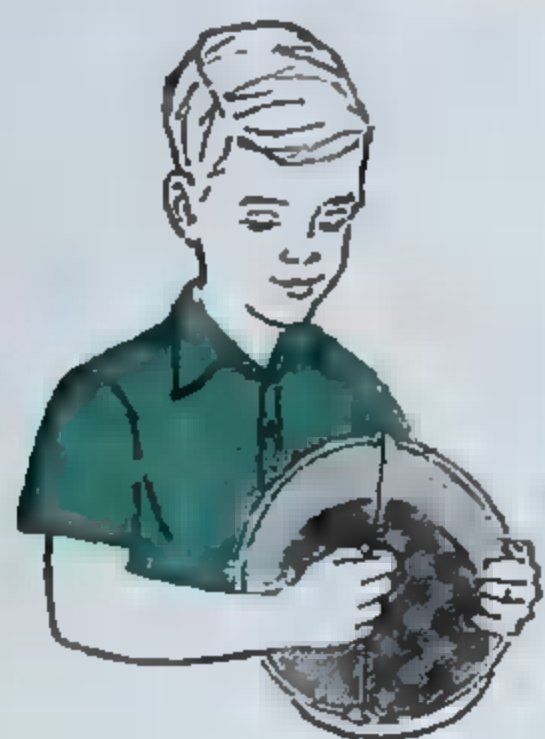
the air because every time the wire moves back and forth, it pushes air with it. The air next to the wire pushes the air beyond, and rapidly the "sound" reaches your ear.

The note you hear depends on how fast the string vibrates. If it moves back and forth slowly, it makes a low note. But if it vibrates very fast, it makes a higher note.

How fast a wire vibrates depends on two main things: (1) How long the wire is, and (2) how tight the wire is stretched.

Most stringed instruments change the sound by making the vibrating part of the string longer or shorter. That's what a violin or guitar player does with the fingers of one hand.

But your instrument changes notes by stretching the wire tighter. This is the way your own vocal chords make sounds. Sing a low note and then a high note. Feel your throat tighten as you try for the high note.



★ Not just for glamorous busywork but for helping child discover ■ scientific principle.

The Gentle Night

By Rose-Marie Provencher

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

Black Cloud was a little Indian boy. He loved the forest. He loved the streams. He loved the hills and valleys. And he loved all the little creatures who made their homes in these places. He also loved his mother and father—very much. All day long he played in his forest home, and was happy.

But there was one thing Black Cloud did not love. In fact he did not even like it. He hated the night—because he was afraid of it.

His warrior father worried. "Black Cloud, you will never grow to be a great Indian if you are afraid of the dark. I have taught you to hunt and fish and trap. I have taught you to speak truth. I have taught you to be brave in many other ways, but I cannot make you see that your fear of the night is foolish."

"I will teach him not to be afraid," said his mother quietly. "I will teach him to know the night. You cannot love ■ thing until you know it." She was a very wise Indian. Her love for Black Cloud was very strong.

That night when all was dark, she took little Black Cloud by the hand. "Come," she said. "Do not be afraid."

Black Cloud was not afraid—Mother held his hand. Silently they walked into the night. Hand in hand they walked to the river's edge.

Black Cloud whispered in sur-



prise, "Why, it is not really black out!"

"No," said Mother, "there is light. Only it is a different kind of light. See," and she pointed skyward, "it comes from the moon."

Black Cloud gazed upward into the face of the moon. He felt its light on his face. He smiled wisely. "It is beautiful," he whispered, squeezing Mother's hand.

"It makes everything it shines on beautiful, too," said his mother. "Black Cloud, have you ever seen a flower in the moonlight?"

Black Cloud shook his head. Then he remembered it was dark. "No," he said out loud.

"Come, then," said his mother. She led him to a bush growing darkly in the silver light. She picked ■ blossom and put it in his hand. It was a wild rose.

Black Cloud held it gently. Never had he seen ■ flower look like this. This thought came into his mind: "Flowers are meant

to be looked at in the moonlight." His heart beat fast with pleasure.

"Now, my son, look at the river."

Black Cloud looked. The water glimmered. It was silver-colored and the moon made a pathway upon its surface. Another thought came to him: "Some night I will glide up that path in my canoe." He knew his paddle would stir up sparkling drops. He knew the water would make hardly ■ sound in the night. He wished he could go now!

Suddenly Black Cloud held his mother's hand tighter. He was excited. "Mother, I thought the night was too quiet. I did not like its great quiet. The only sounds were bad sounds. Now I hear many, and they are all good!"

His mother smiled. "This is the first time you have really listened. Your ears were closed with fear before. There are many sounds to the night—many, many sounds. And each belongs to a daytime friend. But just like nighttime colors, they are soft and gentle. Listen carefully. Hear the river?"

Black Cloud stood quietly. He listened. In the daytime the river gurgled and roared. Now it murmured. The falls were only a muffled thunder.

"Hear the forest?" asked his mother.

Little Black Cloud heard soft rustlings and little snapping sounds—a bunny sound—a baby coon sound—and two foxes barking a message to each other. All little Black Cloud's daytime friends were out. Only—just like him—they were sort of whispering. He heard the night wind ask a question and the trees

29

★ How ■ Indian boy overcame fear ■ the dark.

answer back. Then far off he heard a queer-sounding hoot.

"That is Father Owl," explained Mother. "He loves the night best. Many of the little creatures of the forest do."

"My little forest friends are wise," said Black Cloud. He took a deep breath and stood tall.

"Everything looks different at night. Everything sounds different at night. But that does not mean it is not GOOD! Now I, too, love the night. It is very beautiful."

"And gentle," added his mother.

"And gentle," agreed Black

Cloud as he let go of her hand.

"Ah, Black Cloud, you are all brave, now. Father will be proud of you." Mother smiled quietly in the darkness.

Black Cloud now led the way. He held the bushes and brambles out of Mother's way. He stood straight and walked tall.

Balloon Trip Crossword Puzzle

By Dorothy M. Herr

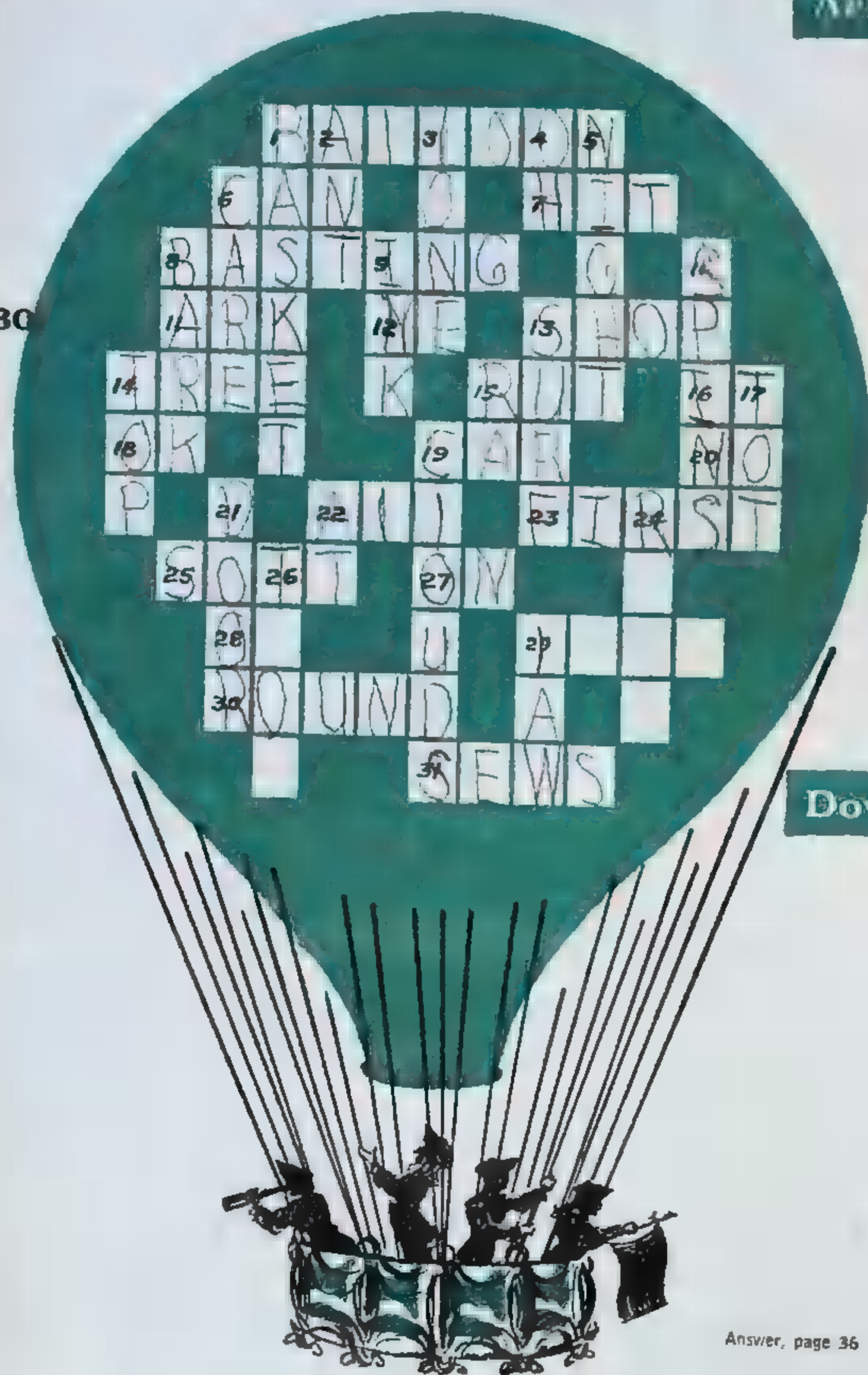
Across

1. An air vehicle
6. Container
7. To strike
8. Temporary stitching
11. Noah made one.
12. Compass point
13. Store
14. Large plant
15. Worn track
16. Pronoun
18. All right
19. Automobile
20. Negative
22. Everyone
23. Before all others
24. Opposite of hard
27. Atop
28. Either
29. Folds
30. Circular
31. Stitches

Down

1. Passenger cabin of a balloon
2. Industrious insect
3. Solitary
4. Exclamation
5. From dusk to dawn
6. Caution
8. Part of a tree
9. Writing fluid
10. Twirls
13. Breaking waves
14. Spinning toy
15. Royal Academy (initials)
17. Small child
19. Rainmakers
21. Entrance
22. Near
24. Used to tie down a balloon
26. Toad
29. Legal rule

Answer, page 36



The

Saturday

Hat

By Lou and Campbell Grant

Once there was a little boy who collected hats

He had a fireman's hat and a policeman's hat and a space

helmet and an engineer's hat and a baker's hat and

a good hat . On Monday the little boy put on his fireman's

hat and was a fireman. On Tuesday he put on his policeman's hat

and was a policeman. On Wednesday he put on his space helmet and was a

spaceman. On Thursday he put on his engineer's hat and was an engineer.

On Friday he put on his baker's hat and was a baker. On Sunday, of course,

he put on his good hat and went to church. But the terrible thing was that

the little boy didn't have any hat for Saturday. One Saturday his mother

said, "Please carry out the trash can ." "I can't," said the little

boy . "I can't go anywhere or do anything because I have no Saturday hat."

"I'm afraid you'll have to carry out the trash can without a hat," said

his mother. So the little boy carried out the trash can . But just

as he put it down, he spied something wonderful. "This will be my Saturday hat,"

he said he pulled out an old saucepan . "I can use it for a crash helmet."

Our Own Pages



Nancy Elliott, Age 6
1850 Milden Rd.
Columbus, Ohio



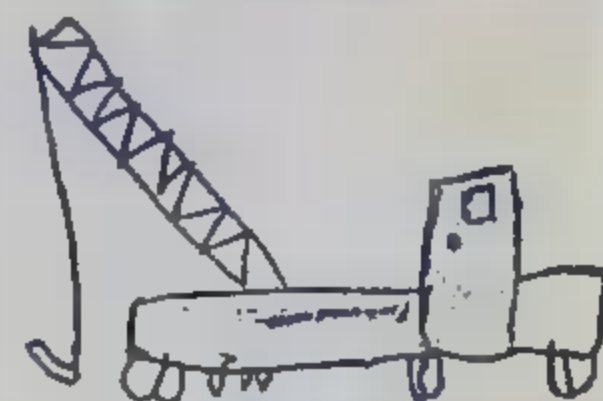
Mike Manahan, Age 6
5222 E. Cecil St.
Springfield, Ohio



Charles Goff, Age 7
Carrera 53 #688-91
Barranquilla, Colombia
South America



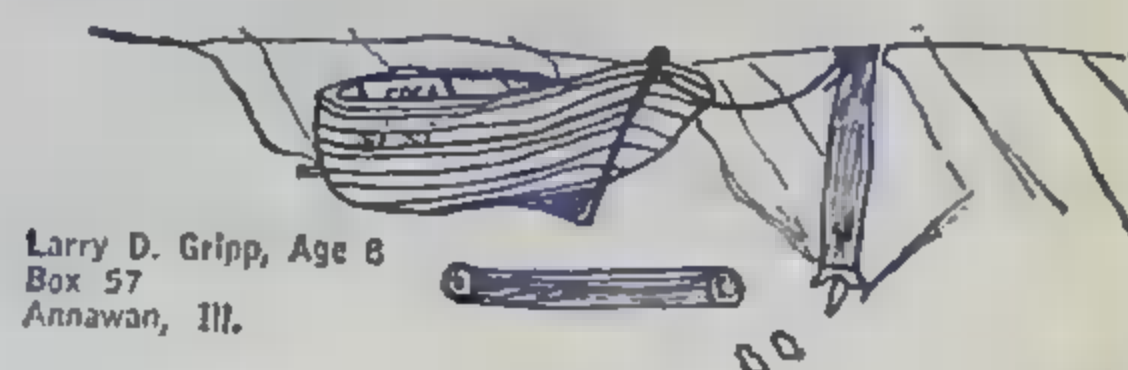
Kathy Dillon, Age 12
174 Scott St.
Naugatuck, Conn.



Jimmy Souder, Age 4
7117 Village Dr.
Prairie Village, Kans.



The River Boat
John Reynolds, Age 5
1131 Ash St.
Iowa City, Iowa



Larry D. Gripp, Age 8
Box 57
Annawan, Ill.



Mommy and Son
Carol Plawischak, Age 4
3950 W. 148 St.
Hawthorne, Calif.



Fire Engine
Jonathan Krakauer, Age 4
3775 West Hills Rd.
Corvallis, Ore.



Anita Douthat, Age 8
R. 2, Box 195
Alexandria, Ky.



Russell Baltzer, Age 11
536 Rosedale Rd.
Princeton, N. J.



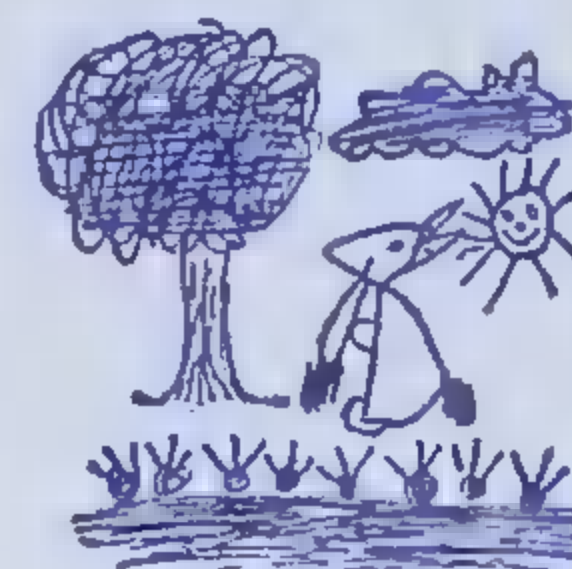
Cowboy
Debra Ann Carlson, Age 3
204 S. Logan St.
Denver, Colo.



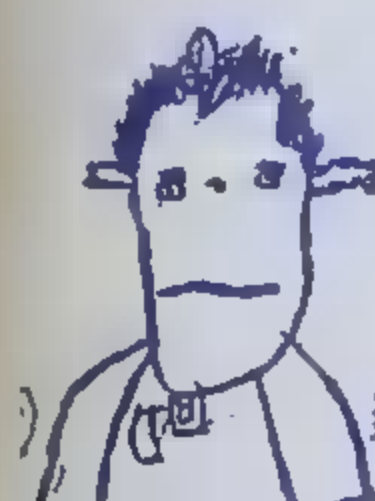
Hank Warden, Age 8
2010 Veasley St.
Greensboro, N. C.



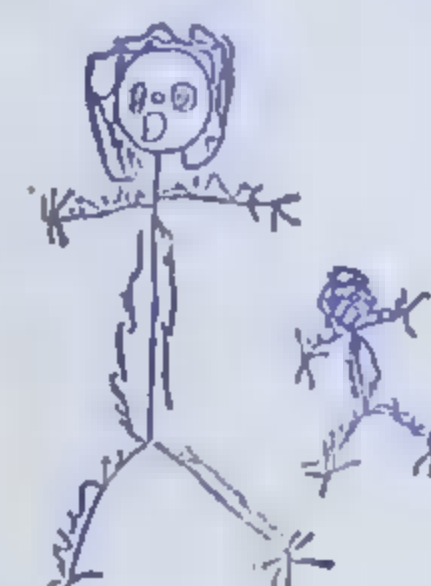
Bumblebees
Patrice Martin, Age 6
2418 Madeira, N.E.
Albuquerque, N. M.



Mike Schwab, Age 5
911 Davis
Ardmore, Okla.



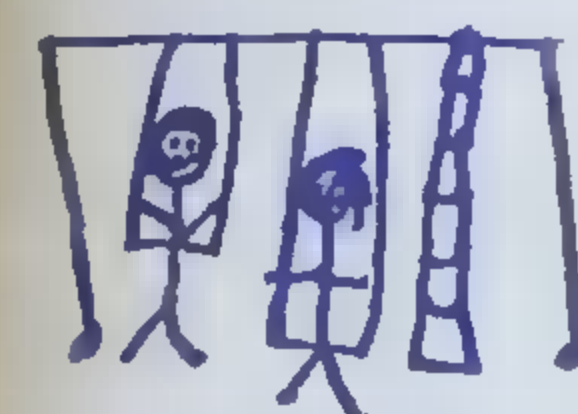
The Sad Goofus
Michael J. Matterna, Age 11
2201 Del. Ave.
N. Wildwood, N.J.



Karri R. Samson, Age 11
Spring Creek Ranch
R. 1, Box 1493
Auburn, Calif.



Jim Kacena, Age 7
1906 Dorset Rd.
Wilmington, Del.



Children Swinging
Barbara Martin, Age 6
4317 Estes Rd.
Nashville, Tenn.



Jan Elizabeth Barnett, Age 3
3101 N. Avery St.
Parkersburg, W. Va.



Joan Ripley, Age 11
R. 1
Bozeman, Mont.

The Kingdom of the Sea

I love to watch the ocean with
its mighty waves a-roaring.
I love to watch the sea gulls go,
on gentle breezes soaring.

Katherine Gentz, Age 12
23 Everett St.
Lynbrook, N. Y.

Thank You, God

Thank you, God, for the trees
that sway,
And thanks for stars in the
Milky Way.
Thank you, God, for all the rain
That I love to hear on my
windowpane.

Kathleen Stevens, Age 10
118 Seville Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mothers

Mothers are so busy
In everything they do,
I think they'd be dizzy
Before the day is through.

Judy Lewis, Age 11
R. 1
Coffeyville, Kans.

The Clown

I went to the circus. I saw a
clown. The clown was funny. He
was so funny that he laughed
every time he fell down. We went
on the ferris wheel. We went on
Dumbo. We went on the ponies.

Mike Hunt, Age 7
Riverside School
Riverside, Calif.

Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address, and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses are your very own. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.

My Mother's Hands

My mother's hands are very soft.
I like to squeeze them hard.
And when I squeeze them very
hard,
The love goes in my heart.

John Tillery, Age 9
14214 Lincoln Ave.
Dolton, Ill.

Knock the Door

When the doorbell has said ting-
a-ling, you do not know who it
is. It can be a baker or a man
who wants you to buy something.
But whoever it is, be happy, be-
cause you might find a puppy dog
that is lost.

Nancy Nowell, Age 7
2173 Jervis Rd.
Columbus, Ohio

Evening

The night is cool and the sky is
blue
And the wishing star comes out
for you.
While the stars are glowing
And cool breezes blowing,
We are sitting by the fire.
Soon we will tire and go to bed
With the evening stars glowing
overhead.

Holmes Ryan, Age 9
670 Harvey Rd.
Memphis, Tenn.

Memorial Day

On the thirtieth of May
We celebrate Memorial Day,
For the soldiers who fought with
all their might
For many a day and many a
night,
So we could have freedom to do
as we please,
To think as we wish and to work
with ease.
So remember to say a prayer or
two
For the men who fought for
and you.

Susan O'Brien, Age 11
Northend School
New Britain, Conn.

I Wish I Could Fly

One day I sat under an apple tree,
Looking up at a busy bumblebee.
"Oh me, oh my,
I wish I could fly!"

Just then I didn't say a word
For overhead was a beautiful
bird.
"Oh me, oh my,
I wish I could fly."

Just then I began to think
Of the dishes in the kitchen sink.
"Oh me, oh my,
I really wish now I could fly."

Doreen Stiner, Age 10
Meyersville Rd.
Green Village, N. J.

Midnight Swim

The stars shine
And the boys swim.
The waving waters washed
toward them.

Mark Barnhart, Age 5
Box 493
Refugio, Texas

Poem

The woodpecker does good
By chipping wood.

Joseph Widman, Age 11
2713 Kelth St. S.E.
Washington, D. C.

Dew

Dew comes down every dawn
On the grounds and on the lawn.

Renee Hollander, Age 9
125 Hausch Blvd.
Roosevelt, N. Y.

What Mad Mr. Moon Said

I'm mad, I'm mad, and very sad,
For things aren't right any more.
I'm afraid, so afraid, that on me,
the moon,
There may be war very soon.
The earth has been shooting
things at me.
They are causing me lots of
misery.
I think the earth is a goon,
Because they're hurting me—ME,
the moon.

Gail Heyn, Age 11
1014-68th St.
Des Moines, Iowa

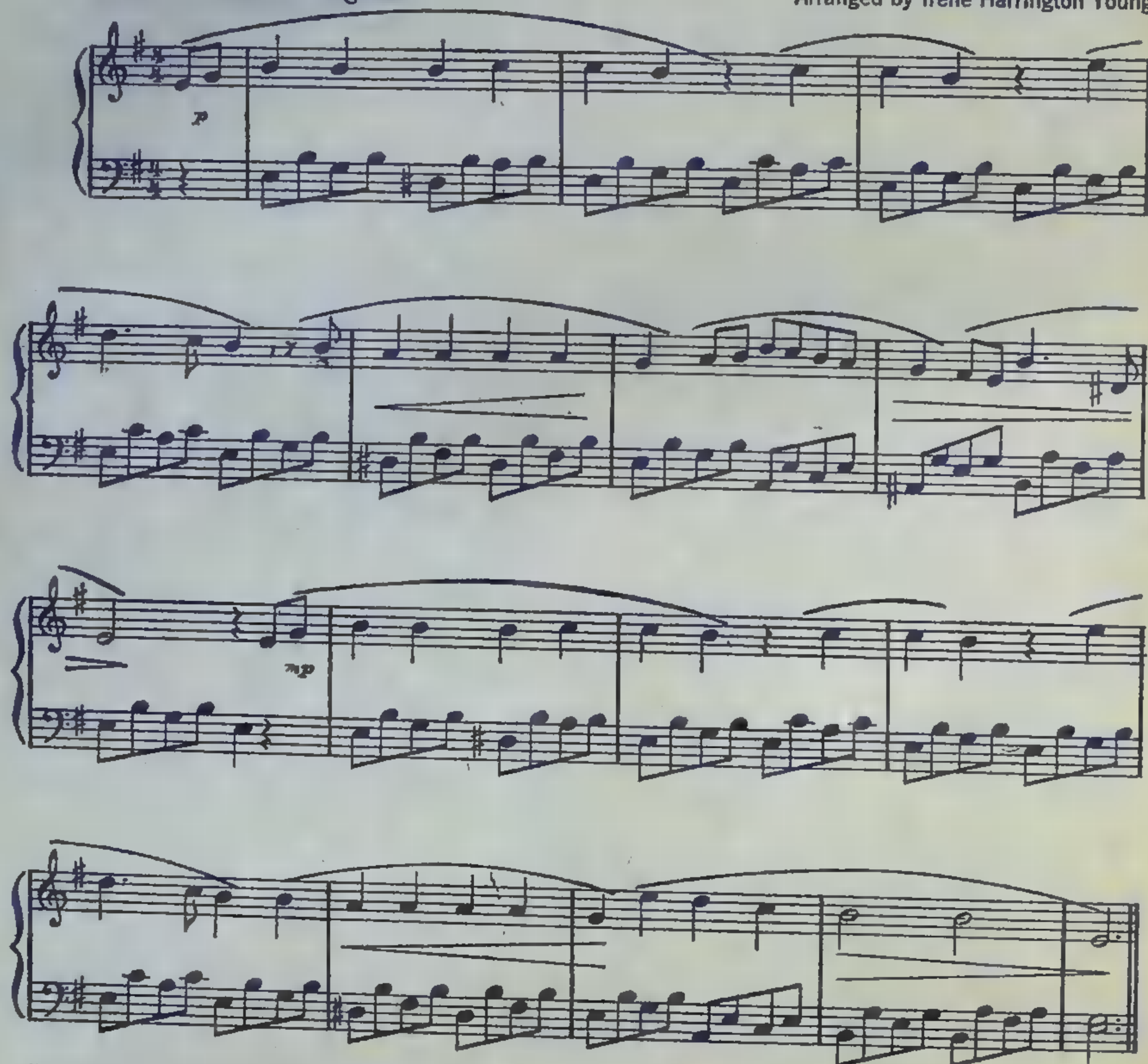
Siciliana From Nina



Giovanni Battista Pergolesi

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

34



The illustration is from a collection of very old Bewick woodcuts owned by Thomas Hugo.

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi 1710-1736

By Irene Bennett Needham

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

"Giovanni, wake up," said the grandfather to the fifteen-year-old boy sleeping at the rear of the tiny shoemaker's shop. "Wake up! The messenger from the school has come!"

The pale boy leaped out of bed, donned his worn clothing, and dashed to the door where Grandfather held the letter in his work-worn hand.

"Open it," begged the boy.

The old man opened the letter. "You are accepted!" he cried.

It was true. After their years together, Giovanni was to leave his grandfather and go to music school. Music was just about the most important subject taught in Italian schools in the year 1725. Together the bent old man and the happy boy walked down the street, telling everyone in the little town of Jesi that Giovanni was to go to Naples to a school run by monks. There were so many poor in Naples that only the gifted children received opportunities for free education.

The school, built on a great cliff overlooking the sea, seemed like the most wonderful place in the world to the boy who had lived in the tiny shoeshop. He loved to watch the sailing ships

come into the harbor and the gulls soaring around them. His sensitive ears listened to the sound of the waves beating on the rocks, the gulls crying, the wind whistling round the low stone buildings.

His red-and-blue uniform was very grand compared to the rags he had worn. The food was simple but there was food for every meal, which had not been true at home.

Giovanni learned so fast that soon he was an excellent violinist. He played the organ so well that he was allowed to play for chapel. The school had splendid teachers, and Giovanni was as gifted as any student in the city.

He was allowed at times to walk about the countryside. Here he made up tunes and sang them as he walked. Then he played them on his violin at school. At first he composed only religious music.

He was twenty-one when he had his first oratorio performed at the convent nearby. This is a religious story sung by a group. Then he wrote a short operetta for the stage "La Serva Padrona." It was a great success and everyone talked about the young

man who had written it.

Everything went well until he was twenty-five. No one has left any records to tell us how the poor orphan from the charity school ever met the beautiful daughter of a nobleman, Maria Spinelli. Many young noblemen wanted to marry her, but she fell in love with the penniless orphan.

Maria had three hot-tempered brothers who seemed to be her guardians. Her parents must have been dead. When the brothers heard of her love for the poor musician they rushed to her room in the mansion and ordered her to become engaged to one of the young men they had selected. She refused.

This was unheard of in those days. A girl had to obey her brothers if her parents were dead. The brothers ordered Maria to be locked in her room for three days while she made up her mind. They said that if she didn't marry one of the men they chose for her, they would kill Giovanni Pergolesi with their swords.

Maria knew they meant this because it was the way in which arguments were often settled at that time. No one knows how,

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but she escaped from the house and went secretly to a convent where she became a nun. Pergolesi, hearing the heartbreaking news, fled to Rome.

He had an opera performed. But the people, who shouted if they liked a song and threw tomatoes if they didn't, were too much for him. He went to Loreto

where he played the organ in a church. Here he composed his last piece of music called "Stabat Mater."

While he was working on this composition, Maria died. Pergolesi was asked to play the organ for her funeral service. He was already ill, and this latest grief was more than he could bear.

The monks in a monastery took him in and cared for him tenderly. He finished his "Stabat Mater" just before he died. He had known great joy and great sorrow in his twenty-six years and he left a record of this in his music.

The music Mrs. Young has chosen is from his opera "Nina."

Getting Ready To Read

Look at each pair of words in the first column. Say them aloud. Find the same pair of words in the second column. Now find each word in the third column.

36



catch



throw



push



pull



down



up



into



out



into



out



down



up



catch



throw



push



pull

push

throw

up

pull

into

down

catch

out

Riddles

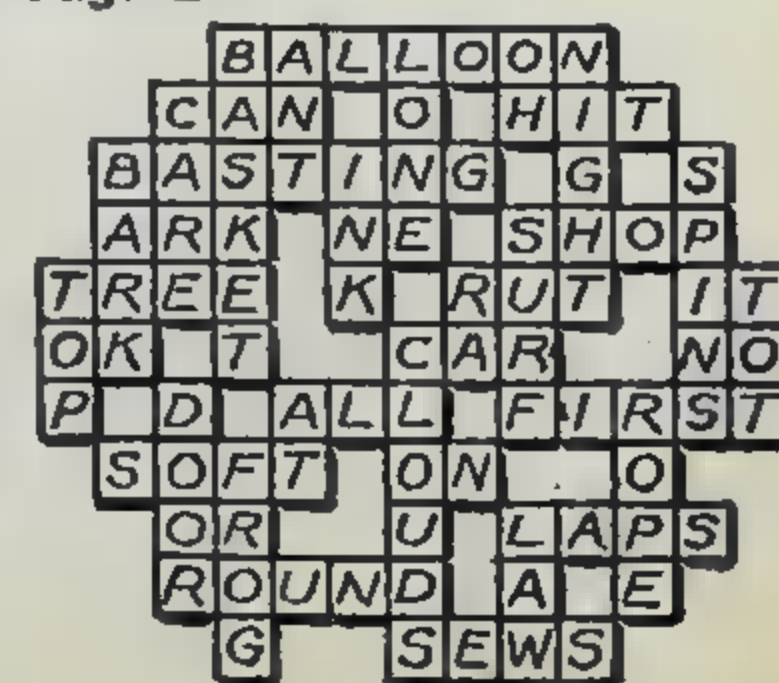
1. Why is it bad to play croquet on Sunday?
2. When is a house not a house?
3. Why did the farmer name his rooster Robinson?
4. Why does cream cost more than milk?

5. What is the difference between a busy stenographer and a pound of sugar?
6. From what five-letter word can you take two and leave one?

Answers to Riddles:

1. Because it's a wicked (wicked) game. 2. When it's a fire. 3. Because he crew so (Cruiser). 4. Because it's hard for the small to sit the other weighs a pound. 5. Stone.

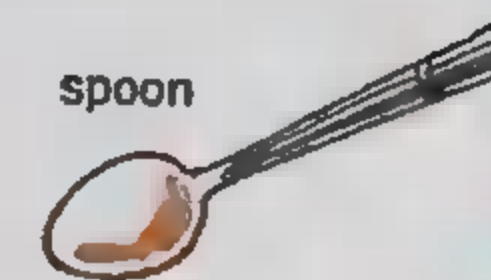
Answer, Crossword Puzzle Page 10



★ By teaching himself a few words, a child may get ready to read.

For Wee Folks

Which would you use to drink milk?
To eat soup?
To put butter on bread?
To eat potatoes?



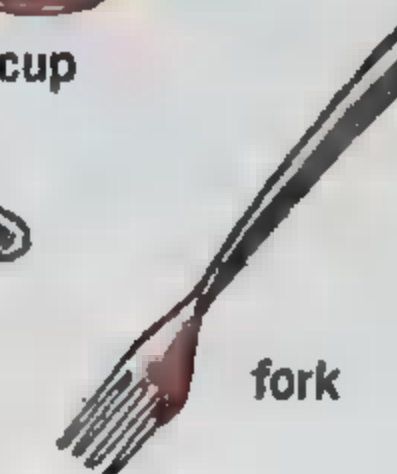
spoon



cup



knife

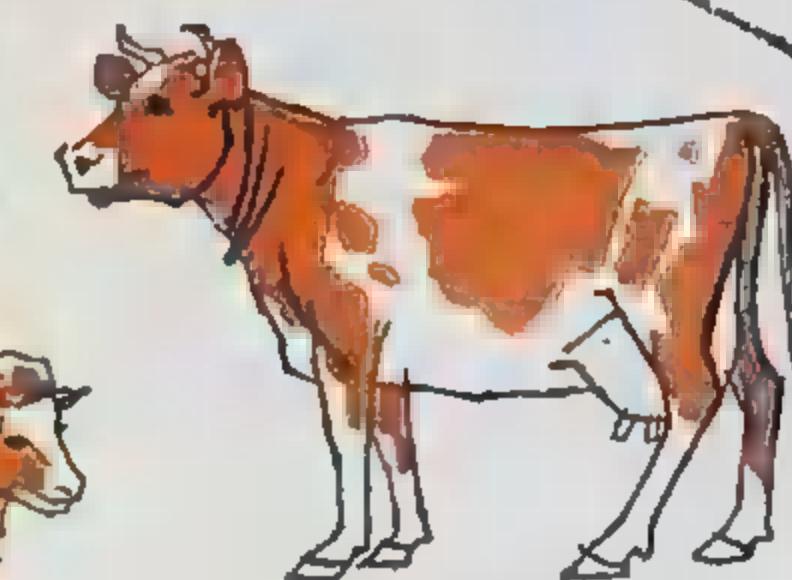


fork

Which gives us milk?
Eggs? Warm clothes?



hen



cow



sheep

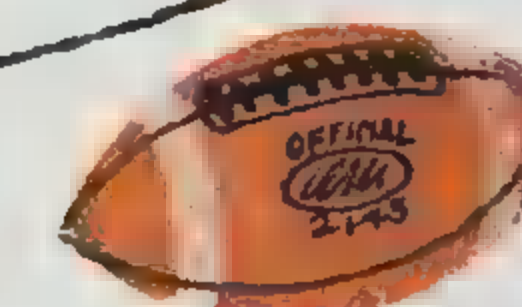


thimble

Which could you hide in your hand?
Which are good to eat?
Which are alive?



button



football



apple



mouse



bumblebee



egg

Which pictures make you feel sad?
Which make you feel glad?



★ Imagine what goes on in a youngster's head as he answers these questions.

A Good Feeling

By Fern Simms
Illustrated by Lois Axeman



Ted was so sick of lying in bed waiting for his ankle to mend. He was lonesome, and tossed restlessly. Would three-thirty never come? "Is it time for Bob yet?" he called to his mother.

His mother came in, carrying a tray. "Not quite, but it soon will be." She placed the tray near the bed. Ted looked—lemonade and cookies for two. Bob would like that.

"You know, it's nice of Bob to drop in every day after school," said his mother. "You're lucky to have such a good friend."

Ted settled back on his pillows. It was a good feeling to know you had a friend like that.

He picked up a book, reading it halfheartedly, for his mind was still on Bob. He waited for the school bell to ring. When he heard shouts in the distance, he knew school was out. He thrust the book away and waited impatiently. What could he and Bob play this afternoon?

Then he heard voices beneath his window and recognized one as Bob's. Bob was saying, "I'm sorry, Phil, I can't."

Ted heard Phil say, "Aw, can't you come this once? We need you to pitch. You've been to see Ted every day. You can miss once."

Bob muttered, "Keep your voice down. He'll hear you."

Ted strained his ears to hear. His face flushed as he made out Phil's mumble. "It's such a nice day—too nice to spend indoors."

Bob answered, "What about poor Ted? He's had to spend the whole week indoors, no matter what the weather was like."

There was silence then, and Ted held his breath. Would Bob come in? Then the bell rang and he heard Bob's footsteps on the stairs. The door flew open and there was good old Bob, grinning as usual.

"Hi, Ted. Been climbing any trees today?" He tapped Ted's bandaged ankle playfully.

"Just scaled a few mountains," Ted retorted. He had to hand it to Bob. Bob managed to look cheerful as ever, though Ted knew he must be disappointed. Who wouldn't rather play ball!

"What'll we do today—checkers?" asked Bob. He pulled a chair close to the bed.

"Say, don't settle down," said

Ted. He grinned a little sheepishly. "I wonder if you'd mind awfully if we skipped the game today?"

"Sure, what'll we do?"

Ted picked up the book he had discarded. "Well, I got so interested in this book, I thought I'd like to finish it. Would you mind?"

"No. That's all right," said Bob as he stood up. "I'll be in tomorrow, then."

"That'll be swell," said Ted. "I'll have the checkerboard ready. OK?"

"Sure," said Bob. He was at the door as Ted called, "Hey, take some cookies with you."

Bob helped himself. "Thanks, Ted. So long." And Ted heard the footsteps on the stairs, then the door shut.

His mother came into the room. "Why did you send Bob away?"

"Oh, I heard Phil ask him to play ball. Of course Bob said no. Well—you know what you said about Bob's being a good friend?"

His mother nodded.

"Well, I want to be just as good a friend to him." Ted grinned. "That's a good feeling, too." He opened the book he held in his hand. It might not be such a bad story, after all.



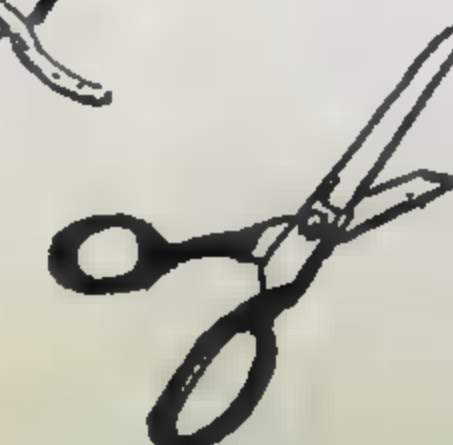
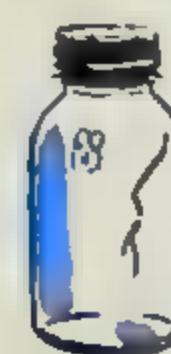
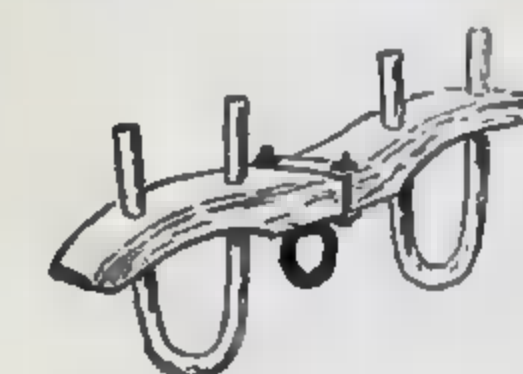
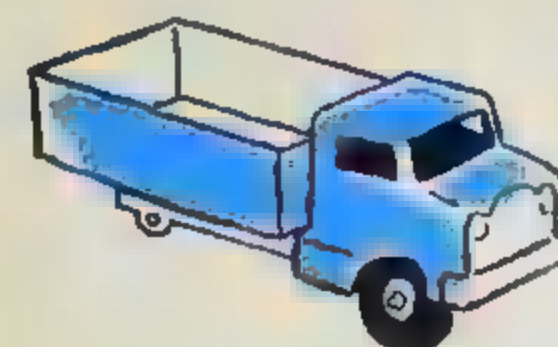
★ When one child senses how another feels inside.

Stop and Think

Mrs. Churchill and her son were cleaning up an old barn, and came across the things pictured on this page.

They kept the things which had been used long ago and were very old but could be repaired. The rest they put on a pile of trash.

Which things do you suppose they kept?



★ Why make the child wait for college or high school, or even for the third or fourth grade, to learn to think?

For Mother's Day

Baskets By Bernice Walz

Trim the rim from the edge of an individual foil pie tin. Cut fringe about an inch deep around the tin. Punch a hole on opposite sides of the bottom of the tin. Stick a 6-inch colored or white pipe cleaner through each hole, bending the ends over to hold them securely. Twist the other

ends together to form a handle. Finish with a colored ribbon bow.

Use two colored crinkly baking cups, one pasted inside the other, for the basket. Paste them with rubber cement to the center of the pie tin. Fill with small candies and popcorn.



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Candles

By Miriam Lister

Collect old candles and candle ends. Melt them in a coffee can over water. An older person should help, as the wax becomes very hot and is dangerous to handle.

Paint varied sizes of bottle caps with colorful enamel, and set them aside to dry. Take a piece of wick from one of the candles. Glue one end to the bottom center of a bottle cap. Fill the cap with the melted wax and allow it to cool. Cut off the wick slightly above the wax.

Mother will enjoy these little lighted candles among the floating blossoms in her centerpiece.



Hand Plaque

By Stella Matthews

Any mother would be delighted with this gift—a print of baby's hand or foot.

Place an embroidery hoop or a picture frame on a sheet of heavy paper or cardboard. Mix equal amounts of plaster of Paris and water until it will spread nicely. Fill the hoop or frame with this mixture.

Cover baby's hand with vaseline. Press it firmly into the plaster. Lift it out carefully so the impression will not be blurred.

Before the plaster sets firmly, pierce it at the top with a large

needle to make a hole for a hanger. Let the plaque dry thoroughly.

Mix water-color paint of the desired color. Drop it on the handprint and spread carefully over the handprint with the fingers. Then outline the print with a contrasting color. When the paint is thoroughly dry, brush on a coat of shellac to seal it. Let dry thoroughly. Use a ribbon or cord for hanging.

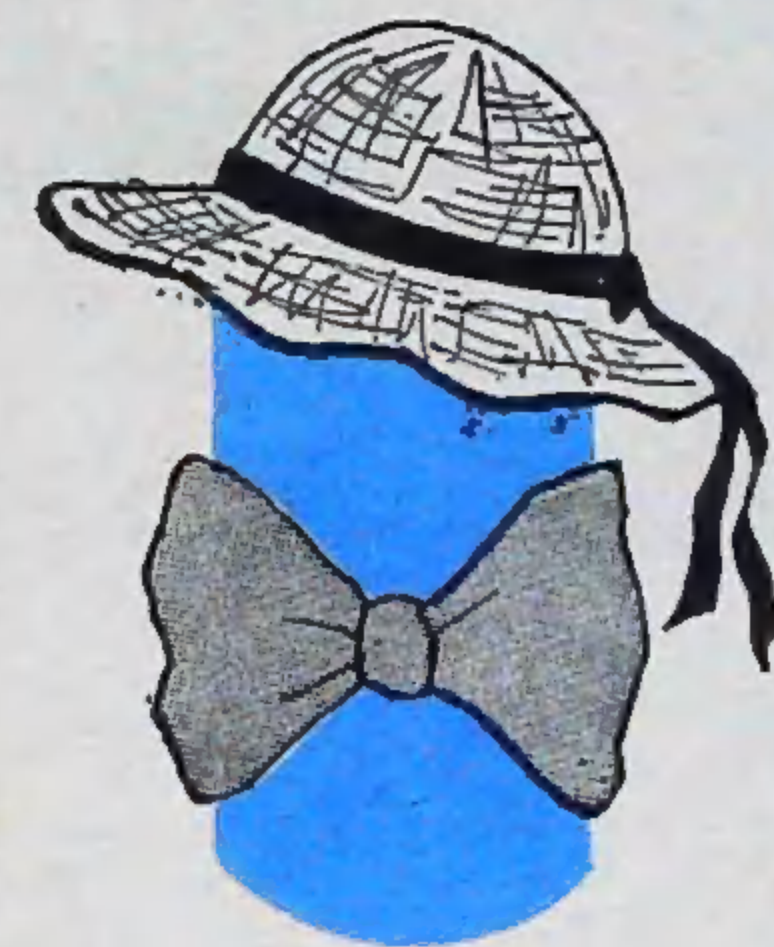
This makes a beautiful and lasting gift for anyone who loves the baby.



Hat Stand

By Frances Benson

A round oatmeal box can be made into a pretty stand for a girl's hat. A good-sized rock or several small ones should be put inside, to weigh it down. Glue or tape on the lid. Cover the box with colored wrapping paper or construction paper. Decorate the stand with a ribbon bow or a picture cut from a magazine.



Plant By Ruth Dougherty

Cut a 24-inch length of corrugated paper, 2½ inches wide; and a 6-inch length, 1 inch wide.

To form the flowerpot, roll the wide strip into a solid cylinder, smooth side out. Strip off one row of the corrugated paper at the end to leave a flat lap for gluing. Hold in place with a rubber band until dry.

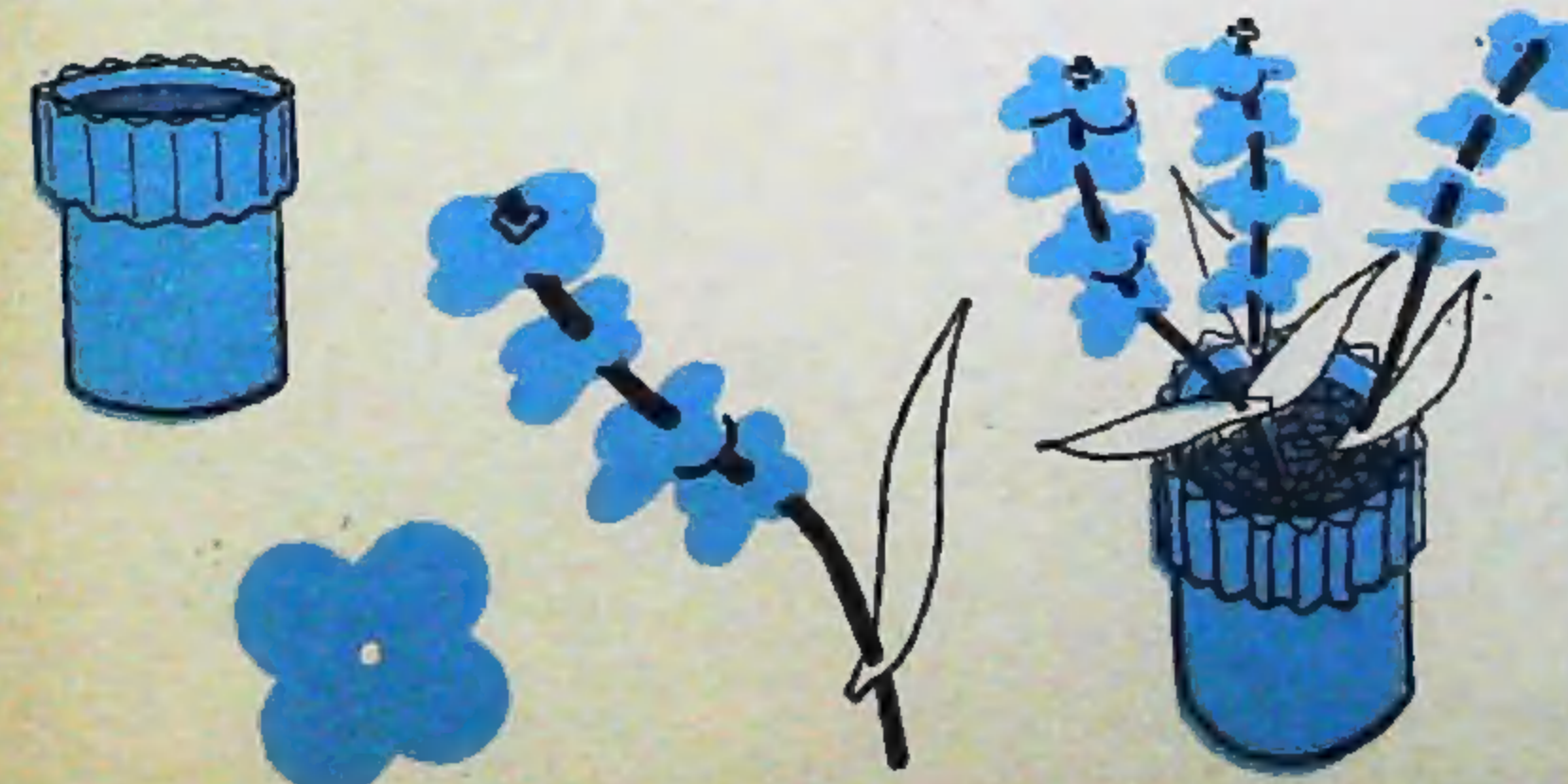
Glue the 1-inch strip to the top of the pot for a rim, corrugated side out. Paint the pot inside, then outside.

For the flowers, make a pattern by cutting four scallops

around a 1-inch square of paper. Trace around the pattern on colored construction paper. Cut out four of these scalloped petals for each flower. Make holes in centers, and slip onto green pipe cleaner stems. On top of the last scalloped petal, slip a tiny circle of yellow paper.

Cut three long, green paper leaves. Make holes in the ends and slip them up onto the stem.

Make several flowers and stand them in the holes formed by the corrugated paper of the flowerpot.



Covered Jewelry Box

By M. Mable Lunz

Use a small box about an inch deep such as a half-pound candy box. Slit two corners of the box cover, Figure 1.

Lay the cover upside down on a piece of pretty material. Cut the material large enough to bring up over the sides, with an extra half inch inside the cover, all around.

Bring the material over the front and sides, Figure 2, folding it at the outside corners carefully. Put gummed tape along the inside to hold the material in place.

Put the cover on the box. Punch two holes through the back edge of the cover and of the box. Put a two-pronged paper fastener through each hole from the inside of the box and spread it open at the back. Or run a long piece of double string through the holes and tie it in back.

Cut out the back corners of the material to fit. Fold it over the back of the cover and down under the box bottom. Glue in place.

Trim the cover with initials cut from a different color material, or make a design from odd pieces. Glue in place.

Fig. 1

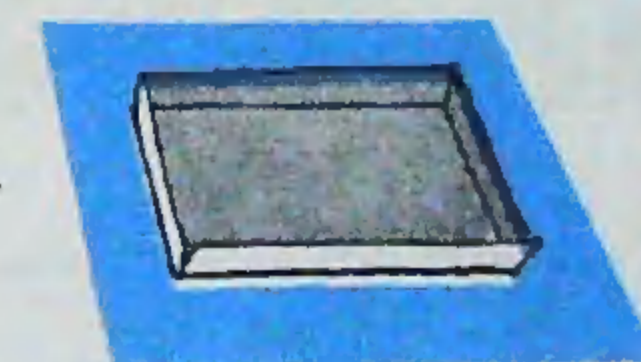
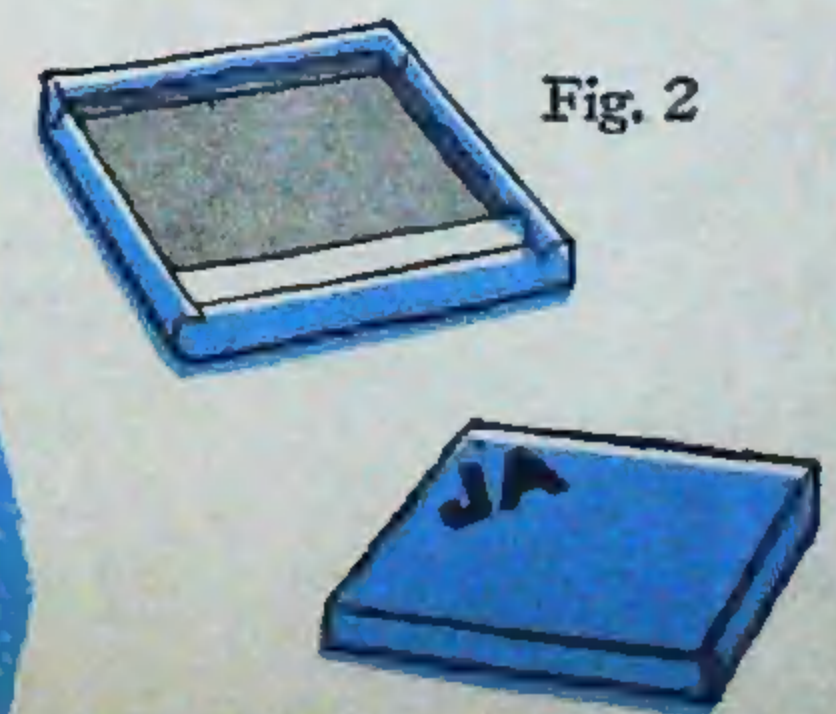


Fig. 2



Headwork



Can a bee fly?
Are cookies sweet or sour?
Do we wear shoes or eat them?
Do you sleep with your eyes open or closed?
Do you cry with your feet?
Which is bigger, a cow or a calf?
How should we act when we hear somebody praying?
Have you ever seen a toad eat a fly?
Could you peel a potato?
Which did you learn first, to throw a ball or to catch a ball?
Does a cow stand or lie down while eating grass?
Could an elephant go through a door of your house?
Does bacon have bones in it?
Why is a bath towel larger than a hand towel?
What is the icing on a cake?
Do ferns have colored flowers on them?
"Who drove a car across our lawn today?" the father asked when he came home. What caused him to ask this question?
Why may we hear news on radio or television before we can read it in a newspaper?

Does a cat have whiskers? How are they different from a man's whiskers?
Tell how ice can be useful.
Cathy is a baby sitter. How do you know she doesn't go to kindergarten?
What does fording a stream mean?
Why may a cat be more harmful than a dog to baby birds in a nest?
How does a magazine differ from a daily newspaper?
How is it possible for a dead fish to smell?
Joyce is twice as old as her sister. Will she be twice as old ten years from now?
"We have twelve hens, and five didn't lay today," said Orson. He had not been watching the hens all day. Then how could he know how many didn't lay eggs?
Can a parakeet carry on a conversation with you the way a person can? Explain the difference.
What is the difference between an auction sale and a regular sale at a store?
Why is it that the number of cowboys decreased after the beginning of the use of wire fences?
Where does a tree get what it needs to make it live and grow?

Parents! Important Notice

We have full-time or part-time work for mothers and others in many areas as HIGHLIGHTS sales representatives. This is an opportunity for pleasant, profitable, useful work—your chance to perform a real service to your community and at the same time add substantially to your income. If you have a car and full-time or regular part-time hours available, write to Richard H. Bell, Director of Sales, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, Inc., P. O. Box 269, Columbus 16, Ohio.



Drawings Made by Children Around the World

By permission of SHANKAR'S WEEKLY
New Delhi, India



Train Binita, Age 4
India



Village Scene Zoric Ljubica, Age 11
Yugoslavia



Glorious Journey Melanie Schmid, Age 9
Switzerland



Ducks Kumud Kubla, Age 5
India



Lotus Sung Heng Peng, Age 8
China



The Bull Pospichal Hand, Age 15
Austria



Raining Sergel Zebntsv, Age 7
U.S.S.R.



Dance of Fire Mehrnaz Atri, Age 12
Iran

Good-bye!

until next month



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